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FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

I.	The New Monroism. <i>By Walter Alison Phillips.</i>	EDINBURGH REVIEW	643
II.	The Unworldliness of Journalists. <i>By G. K. Chesterton.</i>	BRITISH REVIEW	658
III.	The Promise of Arden. Chapter XVI. <i>By Eric Parker.</i> (To be continued.)		661
IV.	French Civil and Military Aviation in 1913. <i>By T. F. Farman.</i> (Concluded.)	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	667
V.	Psychology in the Concrete. <i>By C. C. Martindale.</i>	DUBLIN REVIEW	674
VI.	The Tiler's Stack. Chapter I. <i>By C. Edwardes.</i> (To be continued.)	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	681
VII.	Mr. Chamberlain. <i>By Edward Salmon.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	688
VIII.	Happy Endings. <i>By Hilaire Belloc.</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	694
IX.	Chance and Faith.	SPECTATOR	698
X.	The Top Hat Mind.	SATURDAY REVIEW	701

A PAGE OF VERSE

XI.	The Spell.	PUNCH	642
XII.	An East-Country Melody. <i>By May Byron.</i>	SPECTATOR	642
XIII.	The Mill. <i>By James H. Cousins.</i>	IRISH REVIEW	642
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		703



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THE SPELL.

*whereby the Good People may be brought
back to a house which they have de-
serted.*

Fairies!—whatsoever sprite
Near about us dwells—
You who roam the hills at night,
You who haunt the dells—
Where you harbor, hear us!
By the Lady Hecate's might,
Hearken and come near us!

Though we greatly fear, alack!
Cloddish unbelief
Angered you and made you pack
To our present grief,
Hearts you shall not harden:
Bathe your hurts and come you back
Here to house and garden!

By the oak and ash and thorn,
By the rowan tree,
This was done ere we were born:
Kith nor kin are we
Of the folk whose blindness
Shut you out with scathe and scorn,
Banished with unkindness.

See, we call you, hands entwined,
Standing at our door,
With the glowing hearth behind
And the wood before.
Thence, where you are lurking,
Back we bring you, bring and bind
With our magic's working.

Lo, our best we give for cess,
Having naught above
Handsel of our happiness,
Selzin of our love.
Take it then, O fairies!
Homely gods that guard and bless,
Little kindly *Lares*.
Punch.

AN EAST-COUNTRY MELODY.
When the dawn sweeps up from Hase-
bro',
With the daylight at its heels,
Across the level surges,
To the marrams and the meols,
It lights with fresher purple
The flowers by marsh and quay,
The salty blooms of Blakeney
And of Cley-next-the-Sea.

When the waves that crumble Cromer
Are leaping on the prey,
With a fierce triumphant music
Beneath their bannered spray,—
When the strong foundations tremble,
And the high cliffs bow the knee,
It is safe in little Blakeney
And in Cley-next-the-Sea.

When the terraces of shingle
Respond with rolling roar
To the deep and hungry waters
That clutch at Weybourne shore,—
When the storm-wind's belling blood-
hounds
Go forth unleashed and free,
There is calm in quiet Blakeney
And in Cley-next-the-Sea.

Their olden vaunt has vanished,
Their ancient pride is prone,
Their glory, down the ages,
Like flakes of spindrift blown;
Yet there's a magic doorway,
And there's a misty key
To the House of Joy, in Blakeney
And in Cley-next-the-Sea.

Take all the spires of Norwich,
Take all the towers of Lynn,
Take all the wealthy acres
The red wheat ripples in;
Where whistling breezes beckon,
The way shall be for me,—
The lonely way to Blakeney
And to Cley-next-the-Sea.

May Byron.

The Spectator.

THE MILL.

One thing forever firm is set—
The love between us two;
Though thought revolve, and friends
forget,
And old give place to new.
So 'twixt this nether stone that
stands,
And this that moves so fleet,
Life sifts our harvest through his
hands,
And grinds it like the wheat.

James H. Cousins.

The Irish Review.

THE NEW MONROISM.*

On the 31st of March of last year, a little more than a month after the *coup d'état* which overthrew President Madero and ended in his murder, the British Government formally recognized General Huerta as President *ad interim* of Mexico. This was done, as the Prime Minister explained in his speech at the Guildhall banquet on the 10th of November, first, because Great Britain had herself neither the will nor the power to intervene, and was therefore bound to deal, as she would do in the case of any Central of South American State, with whatever might be for the time being the *de facto* Government; secondly, because, according to the information then obtainable, "there appeared to be no element except that of General Huerta and his supporters which offered any prospect of the restoration of stability and order." A proceeding so proper in itself, and so perfectly in accord with the traditional British policy in similar cases, would have needed no apology in the face of instructed foreign opinion. But opinion in the United States, so far as the principles of international relations are concerned, is anything but instructed, and—again to quote Mr. Asquith—"a rumor found credence in some quarters that, at a moment when the Government of the United States were taking a line of their own with regard to Mexico, we entered upon a new departure of policy deliberately, or at least if not deliberately, at any rate in effect, opposed to that of the United States and calculated to thwart it."

* 1. Die Monroedoktrin, in ihren Beziehungen zur amerikanischen Diplomatie und zum Völkerrecht. By Dr. JUR. HERBERT KRAUS, Berlin. 1913.

2. Monroïsme? Notes-etudes sur la politique continentale américaine à l'égard de l'Europe. By F. Capella y Pons, Docteur en droit. Paris. 1913.

3. Some original documents on the genesis of the Monroe Doctrine. By WORTHINGTON C. FORD. Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Second Series. Vol. XV. 1901, 1902.

Had the Prime Minister been more explicit as to the contents of this "rumor" he would probably have been compelled to use language which would have tended to defeat his immediate object, that of soothing the ruffled feelings of the American public by proving once more how completely Great Britain is prepared to subordinate her own views, so far as the two Americas are concerned, to those of Washington. For the rumors in question took a form by no means flattering to the British Government, which was, and in certain quarters still is, accused of having hurriedly recognized General Huerta in return for an undertaking on his part to support certain large British industrial and commercial interests in Mexico against their American rivals, whose hopes had been based on the favor of the fallen Government of President Madero. That this country, from so base a motive, should pursue a policy "calculated to thwart" the disinterested aims of the United States, very naturally exasperated American opinion. The friendly feeling towards Great Britain which during recent years has shown so gratifying a development received a sudden check: on platforms and in the Press the outcry was loud against the "unfriendly act" of which the British Government had been guilty; and in the lobbies of the Capitol at Washington there was open talk of reprisals in the future.

Clearly the Prime Minister was in the right to take advantage of the occasion of the Guildhall banquet to correct so patent a misconception of our policy; and American susceptibilities should have been sufficiently calmed by his plain *exposé* of its motives and by his explicit declaration that "there

is not a vestige of foundation" for the "rumor" referred to. But in his desire to emphasize the perfect cordiality of the diplomatic relations between this country and the United States, Mr. Asquith used language which seemed to commit Great Britain, not only to an attitude of friendly neutrality towards the United States in respect of its Mexican policy, but to a general approval of any means which the Government of Washington might in the future adopt in order to carry this policy into effect.

"Our diplomatic relations with the United States [he said] have for a long time been such that, with the freest and frankest discussions of all matters that may from time to time arise, we both feel the fullest assurance that nothing can happen to disturb our common resolve to attain and maintain a friendly and sympathetic understanding."

This declaration, which might otherwise have passed for no more than a general expression of good-will, received a peculiar significance from the publication in "The Times" of Nov. 11—the very day on which the report of Mr. Asquith's speech appeared—of an "Authoritative Statement" of the United States point of view. Of this statement, coming "from a quarter eminently qualified to interpret the attitude of the United States in the dispute with Mexico, and in particular to explain the motives of President Wilson," it is not too much to say that it puts forward new principles, or rather revives old principles, of the most fateful import for the future of international relations. The following are the essential passages:

"The underlying motive of his [President Wilson's] action is not merely a desire to vindicate what the French call *le droit de voisinage*—that is to say, the expediency of restoring order in a country bordering for thousands of miles upon the territory of the United

States. His motive is rather the vindication of the principle of representative and constitutional government.

The policy hitherto followed of recognizing as President of the Mexican Republic any man who might succeed, by force or otherwise, in imposing his authority upon the country, is felt to have been mistaken, inasmuch as it placed a premium on revolutionary outbreaks and seemed to promise international recognition to any successful adventurer. If it be clearly understood, not only in Mexico but in other Central and Southern American Republics, that a successful adventurer is not sure of recognition, a check will be placed upon revolutionary initiative and it will be demonstrated that the United States can only regard as the constitutional head of any American community a man who enjoys the support, properly expressed and registered, of a majority of his enfranchised fellow citizens.

Idealistic and unpractical though this principle may be deemed in some parts of Europe, it is one on which the people of the United States are earnestly agreed. Should it not be feasible to secure its application in Mexico otherwise than by force of arms, force will inevitably be employed; and when the United States Army shall have vindicated the principle, Mexico will be left to govern itself in accordance with the constitutional precepts which it will be the duty of the Army to inculcate."

On the day following the publication of this statement, the "six points" of the policy formulated by President Wilson were published at Washington.¹ In general the policy thus defined was identical with that indicated in the Statement, with a more explicit exposition of the methods by which practical effect was to be given to it. It will be sufficient here to quote only the first and fourth of these "points," which cover the whole principle involved:

¹ The Times, Nov. 13, 1913.

"1. The United States will insist on the elimination of General Huerta and all those closely associated with him from the control of public affairs, and to secure this end will spare no effort and will invade Mexico if necessary."

4. When the elimination of General Huerta has been obtained, efforts will be directed to inducing someone acceptable to both parties to assume the provisional Presidency under the protection of the United States."

From the sequence of dates it is clear that the end of President Wilson's first period of "hesitation" was hastened by Mr. Asquith's speech, and the deduction is natural that the policy defined in the "six points," together with the abstract and revolutionary principles upon which this policy is based, have after the "freest and frankest discussion" obtained the approval of His Majesty's Government. Such at any rate has been the general assumption, and the effects are likely to be far-reaching. The least permanent of these effects is, it may be hazarded, the impression produced by the Prime Minister's utterance on opinion in the United States. That this fresh proof of the complacency of Great Britain, in all matters which the elastic principles of the Monroe Doctrine may be stretched to cover, should be highly gratifying to American sentiment is natural enough; and, if Mr. Asquith's sole aim was to conciliate this sentiment, he met with an immediate measure of success. The question is how long this gratifying impression will last; and, to judge by precedent, it may be expected to last just so long as Great Britain is prepared, whenever a difference of opinion arises between the United States and herself, to subordinate her own views and interests. At best, then, it is extremely doubtful whether the unqualified approval of the policy of the White House, implied in the Prime Minister's language, will have any

permanent influence in cementing that "union of hearts" which we all earnestly desire between the British and American nations.

What is not doubtful is the disastrous effect which the maintenance of this implied attitude will have on the sentiment of the Latin-American nations towards this country. Nor is this consideration to be lightly regarded. Our business interests, both actual and prospective, in these countries are enormous; and in spite of the failure of our diplomacy to keep pace with that of other nations, the long tradition of our political friendship with the Latin-American republics has hitherto, save in rare and comparatively insignificant instances, been unbroken. Latin-Americans have hitherto made a clear distinction between the British and the North Americans, and of late years their friendship for Great Britain has tended to increase with the growth of a contrary feeling towards the United States, and it is this fact which has done not a little to inspire the clamor of North American interests against British enterprises in South America. It is not without reason, then, that many British men of business with large interests in Latin America fear that Mr. Asquith's apparently whole-hearted endorsement of President Wilson's attitude may obliterate the distinction and attract to us some of the Latin-American dislike and suspicion of the aggressive "Yanqui."

Of the existence and rapid development of this dislike and suspicion no one acquainted with the trend of opinion in the Latin-American republics can be ignorant. In part, doubtless, it is due to racial antagonism and a fundamental difference of point of view and of manners. But this conflict of temperaments is not the main cause of the growing antagonism in Latin America to "the great Republic

of the North." This must be sought in the recent developments of the Monroe Doctrine, which is rapidly being changed from an expression of the recognized principle of the right of self-defence, formulated for the benefit of all the American States, into a principle of aggression and domination, to be exploited in favor of the United States alone. Such is the opinion of the Uruguayan diplomatist Señor Capella y Pons, who in his "Monroïsme" presents the South American point of view with singular insight and moderation, distinguishing between the true and false Doctrine, and pleading for its exact definition by common consent, in order to restore the shaken confidence of the Latin-American republics in the underlying motives of the recent policy of the United States. Such, too, is the opinion of the German scholar Dr. Kraus, whose recently published monograph "Die Monroedoktrin" is the most exhaustive historical and critical study that has ever appeared on the subject.² In order, then, to understand the significance of President Wilson's attitude towards the Mexican question, and of Mr. Asquith's approval of it, it is necessary to know something of the history of the Monroe Doctrine: the motive of its promulgation, its original contents, the changes it has undergone since 1823, and their causes. It will be shown that the Monroe Doctrine in its latest developments is not only a principle subversive of all the established foundations of international law, but also presents, in the flat contradiction between its primitive and present tendencies, one of the most singular ironies of history.

To make this point clear, it is neces-

sary to carry the inquest further back into the origins of the Monroe Doctrine than has hitherto been done by those who have dealt with this subject. It is true, as Dr. Kraus says, that the Message of President Monroe was immediately inspired by the alarms excited in the United States, first by the *ukaz* of the Emperor Alexander I. of the 21st of September 1821, which declared all the north-west coast lands of North America, as far south as fifty-one degrees of latitude, to be Russian territory, and secondly, by the suggestion brought forward at the Congress of Verona in November 1822, and repeated after the success of the French intervention in Spain in 1823, that a Congress should be summoned in order to arrange a concerted intervention in the struggle between Spain and her revolted colonies in America. It may be suspected, however, that these alarms were a pretext for the declaration of an exclusive policy long powerfully backed in the United States, rather than the motive for an attitude provoked by a temporary danger. In what, indeed, did the danger consist? The Russian *ukaz*, which in any case only affected territories still remote from the western frontier of the United States, was a mere *brutum fulmen* in view of the refusal of Great Britain, then undisputed mistress of the seas, to acknowledge its validity; and in effect the controversy aroused by it was quickly limited to a dispute as to the Russian claim to declare the Behring Sea a *mare clausum*. As for the proposed intervention of the "Holy Alliance" in the affairs of Latin America, the whole tenor of the diplomatic discussions, from Aix-la-Chapelle onwards, should have made it clear that even the inner group of reactionary Powers did not regard such intervention as possible without the co-operation of Great Britain and even of the

² See also the Peruvian diplomatist F. García Calderón's "Latin America" (Eng. Transl. 1913), p. 302. "The Monroe Doctrine has undergone an essential transformation; it has passed successively from the defensive to intervention and thence to the offensive."

United States themselves.³ Now Great Britain had from the first protested against the whole principle of intervention as defined by the celebrated Troppau Protocol in 1821. She had, moreover, special reasons for objecting to the particular application of this principle in the case of the Spanish-American colonies, and her objection had been the main motive for her breach with the Continental Allies at the Congress of Verona. If, then, the security and integrity of the United States, and the desire to guard the Americas against the domination of the European Alliance, had been the sole aims of the Government at Washington, these could have been at once assured by accepting Canning's original proposal to issue, in the names of the British and United States Governments, a joint warning of "Hands off!" That this proposal was not accepted is significant. It is possible, indeed, to understand the negative attitude of Richard Rush, the American Minister in London, to whom the proposal was in the first instance made. Rush was a doctrinaire republican, and was outraged by Canning's view that monarchy was the type of government best suited to the Latin-American nations; he noted that Great Britain had acted for years in general harmony with the European Alliance; that her motives in the matter of the Spanish colonies were purely "selfish"; and he concluded that, her own interests secured, she would once more join in the conspiracy of monarchs against liberty.⁴ His suspicions found an echo at Washington, where Canning was held to be a master of Machiavellian statecraft. Yet it is clear that it was no mere dis-

trust of British motives that decided the Government of the United States to act alone, but rather the determination to assert a principle to which Great Britain would never have given her consent—the principle, that is to say, of the isolation of the Americas. Thus it came that the Monroe Doctrine was established on two underlying principles: those of "non-intervention" and "non-colonization."

Now, it was one thing to lay down the rule that "no European Power or combination of Powers shall forcibly deprive an American State of the right and power of self-government and of shaping for itself its own political fortunes and destinies";⁵ it was another thing to proclaim that the American continents, of which vast spaces were still unoccupied, were "henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers." To the first of these propositions Great Britain could cordially assent; indeed, "its pronouncement by the Monroe Administration at that particular time was unquestionably due to the inspiration of Great Britain."⁶ The second, enormously more far-reaching in its consequences, was one with which, in the circumstances of the time, it was impossible for Great Britain to agree.⁷ That it involved a principle in conflict with all the canons of international law, Dr. Kraus has no difficulty in proving; but it was in fact less a declaration of principle than of policy, and its validity depended in the long run on the power of the United States to enforce it. More than nine years earlier, Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador in

³ Secretary Olney's "Instruction" of July 20, 1895. In Kraus, *Annals* No. 8, p. 438.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Professor Woolsey, in his article on the Monroe Doctrine in the *Enc. Brit.*, 11th ed., says that "with this message Great Britain was in hearty agreement." This is certainly not true of the "non-colonization" principle, as Stapleton in his "Life of Canning" made clear.

³ These discussions, of which the record is preserved in the Foreign Office archives, were dealt with in the lectures, on the Confederation of Europe, delivered last May before the University of Oxford by the present writer.

⁴ Richard Rush to President Monroe, Sept. 15, 1823. *Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings*, second series, vol. xv. p. 420.

Paris, had noted the existence of this policy and foreseen its later developments. "The conclusion of this important matter is uncertain," he wrote to Count Nesselrode in August 1814, during the progress of the peace negotiations between Great Britain and the United States. "The dominant party in America, which desired the war, is aiming at a complete revolution in the relations of the New World and the Old, by the destruction of all European interests in the American continent. Will the fact that Great Britain has a free hand stop this plan? I said all this in England, which takes short views, but was not believed."⁸

In seeking to bring the Americas within the sphere of influence of the Great Alliance, the motives of European statesmen were by no means necessarily "reactionary." The "Holy Alliance" itself, in the mind of its originator, the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, was conceived as a "universal union" for the purpose of preserving peace; and his whole attitude, from the debates of Aix-la-Chapelle to the abortive negotiations conducted in 1823 with the Government at Washington through Baron de Tüyl,⁹ proved that, even during his later reactionary period, the Tsar had sufficient of his early republican principles left not to shrink from admitting the United States to the councils of the Allies, if by this means the general interests of the world's peace might be served. It cannot indeed be pretended that the motives underlying this attitude were altogether pure and disinterested. The "two souls" of the Alliance are perhaps best revealed in the language of the Duc de Richelieu at Aix-la-Chapelle. The United States, he

urged, should be invited to co-operate with the Allies, partly to gain time, partly "in order to attach the United States to the general system of Europe and to prevent a spirit of rivalry and hatred establishing itself between the Old and the New World."¹⁰

It is one of the ironies of the situation that these well-meant advances of the Emperor Alexander hastened the realization of that which it was his object to avoid. President Monroe himself had welcomed the idea of co-operation with Great Britain, and had even been prepared to send American representatives to a European Congress. The chief opponent of this policy was the Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, and it was the language of the Russian despatches, with their lofty assumption of the divine right of universal intervention, which gave him the opportunity of "speaking out." The result may be summed up in the words of Mr. Ford:

"The evidence . . . [he says] all tends to show that it was Adams alone who gave tone to the discussions in the Cabinet on the Canning propositions, and it was due to his efforts that the question passed from that of a combination, more or less defined, with Great Britain for her own interested views and aims, to that of a general and independent policy, distinctively American, and broad enough to bear the heavy burdens laid upon it since."¹¹

Thus were laid, in the Message of President Monroe to Congress of December 2, 1823, the foundations of that exclusive principle of "America for the Americans," the idea of which, as altered and expanded from generation to generation, is connoted by the phrase "the Monroe Doctrine." In order to understand the present position created by the attitude of President Wilson, it will be necessary

⁸ Paris, July 28 to August 9, 1814, Polovtsov, "Correspondance des Ambassadeurs de Russie," etc. Imp. Russ. 1st. Obsch. 112. p. 60.

⁹ The documents are given by Mr. Worthington Ford in the "Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings," loc. cit.

¹⁰ F.O. Records. Continent. Aix. Castlereagh. Nov. 1818. In Castlereagh to Bathurst. No. 48.

¹¹ Worthington Ford, loc. cit. p. 394.

briefly to trace the subsequent developments of that idea.

At the outset it must be borne in mind that the principles laid down in the Monroe Message were not wholly one-sided in their application. The physical barrier placed by the ocean between Europe and the Americas was assumed to justify a complete separation of their interests; and if the United States threatened to regard as an "unfriendly act" any attempt on the part of Europe to intervene in the affairs of America, they also undertook the reciprocal obligation of never intervening in the affairs of Europe, or—what is more important—in those of the European colonies in America. It is this undertaking which Dr. Kraus classifies as the second great *Unterprinzip* of the original Monroe Doctrine, the logical corollary of the first, and he proceeds to show, in great historical detail, how largely it has been ignored in the diplomatic action of the United States. The first conspicuous instance of its violation was the action of President Taylor in 1849 in sending a secret agent to the Hungarian insurgents, to arrange for the eventual recognition of the Hungarian Republic and settle the bases of a commercial treaty. It was again infringed by the presence of American representatives at the Conference of Berlin in 1885 and at that of Algeiras in 1906. Of more immediate and practical interest however, from this point of view, are the recent developments of American Imperialism from the time of the Spanish war. The intervention in Cuba, indeed, could be justified under the principles of international law by the right of "self-preservation," and the remote possibility of such intervention had been foreseen even in the Monroe Message. To this consideration Dr. Kraus gives due weight, and it is admitted, in this case as in the earlier case of

Texas, even by Señor Capella y Pons. None the less, the outcome of the Spanish war blew the second *Unterprinzip* of the Monroe Doctrine to the four winds of heaven. Cuba, it is true, was given her independence, though under an American protectorate; but the Philippines, Guam, and Porto Rico were annexed, together with Hawaii—a convenient station on the route to the new Eastern dominions. The United States, from being a purely American, had become a World Power.

The Americas having thus ceased to be "isolated"—and isolation in any case would be impossible under modern conditions—what was to become of the Monroe Doctrine? Its sole justification in international law—the right of self-preservation—had likewise vanished with the enormous growth in population and power of the United States. But the Monroe Doctrine was too precious a diplomatic asset to be lightly "scrapped." Its original *raison d'être* had vanished; its original principles had long since been twisted out of shape; but the name remained a powerful lever for moving public opinion to the support of the Government at Washington in its diplomatic debates with other Powers. Thus there emerged a third *Unterprinzip* of the Monroe Doctrine: the principle that the Americas are the exclusive sphere of influence of the United States, an influence conceived as partly material, partly moral.

As for the material influence, Dr. Kraus shows how, the territorial integrity and the stability of the United States being no longer threatened, the principle of self-preservation was stretched to cover American commercial and industrial interests. In illustration of this, he quotes a significant passage from the Message of President Grant in 1870, in which the an-

nexation of San Domingo was urgently advocated:

"The acquisition of San Domingo [it runs] is an adherence to the Monroe Doctrine; it is a measure of national protection; it is asserting our just claim to a controlling influence over the great commercial traffic soon to flow east and west by the way of the Isthmus of Darien."¹²

It is, however, only during the last ten years that this new interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine has become of vital importance; that is to say, since the "revolution" in Panama which, in 1903, enabled the United States to obtain the sovereignty of the "Canal Zone" and so to ensure that the great inter-oceanic waterway should come under their exclusive control. There is no need to enlarge in detail on the effect of this *coup d'état* on the development of Monroism. It is sufficient to say that this has been determined by nervous anxiety to secure the safety of the Canal and of the vast commercial interests created by its construction. To protect these, the Monroe Doctrine was stretched by the Lodge Resolution passed by the United States Senate in 1912, to cover not only attempts by non-American Powers at territorial aggression in the Americas, but all concessions to foreign corporations of bases of military or political value in the neighborhood of the Canal. This principle, the immediate inspiration of which was due to the report that a Japanese company was negotiating with the Mexican Government for a concession to establish a harbor in Magdalena Bay, has since undergone momentous developments. It was embodied in the draft treaty with Nicaragua presented by Mr. Bryan in the Senate in July 1913.

¹² Cf. Mr. Roosevelt's speech at the Historical and Geographical Institute of Brazil on October 24 last. "I feel a special sense of national pride in thinking . . . that we have intervened in San Domingo solely for the good of San Domingo." *L'Etoile du Sud*. Rio de Janeiro. November 9.

It underlies the official opposition of the Government at Washington to the contracts under negotiation between Lord Murray of Elibank, on behalf of Messrs. Pearson and Son, and the Governments of Colombia and Ecuador, although, as was pointed out in "The Times" of Sept. 24 last, there is nothing in the text of these contracts to warrant the suspicion that their aim is anything but purely commercial.¹³

Whatever justification the principle embodied in the Lodge Resolution may have as an assertion of that right of self-preservation which, as Senator Lodge remarked, is "older than the Monroe Doctrine," it is easy to see how, supported as it is by an apprehensive public opinion in the States, it may be turned into a powerful weapon in the hands of the great North American corporations in their struggle with "foreigners" for the unexploited wealth of Latin America. We may accept without reserve President Wilson's statement that he objects to the whole policy of "concessions," to whomsoever granted, as fundamentally unsound from the point of view of the true interests of the country granting them. It is clear, none the less, that the Monroe Doctrine is being used for all it is worth by those North American interests which, very naturally, want to keep both Americas as their own close preserve. Herein lies, so far as the interests of this country are concerned, the fateful significance of President Wilson's announcement, reported in "The Times" of Dec. 8, 1913, that as soon as the situation in Mexico is cleared up he will not only press for the ratification by the Senate of Mr. Bryan's

¹³ By the XIII. and XIV. articles of the contract with Ecuador, an abstract of which was published in the Financial Section of "The Times" on September 6, the contract was to lapse, "ipso facto," if assigned to any foreign Government or State, and the contractor bound himself, in case of its supposed violation by any other party, not to seek redress through diplomatic channels.

treaty with Nicaragua, but that he hopes ultimately to extend this arrangement to cover the whole of Central America, Panama, Cuba, and San Domingo, which would thus fall completely under the effective suzerainty of the United States.¹⁴ It is not surprising that public opinion in the States is awakening to the fact that, as "The Times" correspondent in Washington puts it, "President Wilson the Democrat is quietly turning a page of American history of such importance that the Republicans, for all the aggressiveness of their 'dollar diplomacy,' dared to do no more than tentatively lift its corner."¹⁵

It is part of the Puritan tradition, common to this country and to the United States, that the quest of material good should be justified by a moral motive. This characteristic has exposed Great Britain, on the part of foreign critics, to the charge of consistent hypocrisy in her diplomacy, a charge put forward with conviction even when it has been least warranted, as in the case of the abolition of the Slave Trade. The Authoritative Statement, already quoted, deprecates such a charge being brought in connection with the policy announced by President Wilson, and, so far as the President himself and his immediate advisers are concerned, it would indeed be preposterous to bring it. No one who has studied the President's language during the Mexican crisis can doubt his singleness of purpose or the purity of his motives. But all history proves that it is precisely a lofty ideal-

ism in politics which has most often issued in the most material of policies. The "heavenly philanthropists"—as Dr. Price hailed them—of the French Revolution began by proclaiming the Brotherhood of Man and the dawn of the era of universal peace; in the event, their armed crusade against tyranny developed into a war of frank conquest and the establishment of a tyranny more absolute than those the Revolution had overthrown. The Holy Alliance, in the intention of its founder, was a league for the maintenance of peace and of ordered liberty; it developed into an instrument of soulless reaction enforced by arms. President Wilson proclaims it as a mission of the United States to champion the cause of pure democracy in the Americas, and for this purpose to exercise over the less advanced republics a moral supervision which in the last resort is to be made effective by force. As an assertion of political principle this is revolutionary. But the world will be less concerned with its theoretical basis than with its probable practical effects. The question, in short, is: what guarantee is there that this principle, however disinterested in its original intention, may not, if it be once generally admitted, be used to consecrate the most selfish ambitions?

From the point of view of world politics, the growth of the idea of the moral obligation of the United States under the Monroe Doctrine is one of very singular and very practical interest. This moral obligation, since the formulation of the Wilson Doctrine, is conceived as twofold: (1) that of acting as trustee for the non-American nations in respect of their just claims upon American States; (2) that of guardian of public order in the Americas and of the democratic institutions upon which this order is assumed to rest. As for the first of

¹⁴ Under the treaty with Nicaragua the Nicaraguan Government undertakes not to declare war without the consent of the United States; not to make any treaty tending to destroy her independence or giving any non-American Government a "pied a terre" on her soil; not to contract any public debt beyond her obvious resources. The United States assumes the duty of intervening in case of intolerable domestic disorder; receives the right to establish a naval base in Fonseca Bay on the Pacific coast, and is guaranteed the option of constructing any inter-oceanic canal which the Nicaraguan Government may desire to make.

¹⁵ See The Times of December 8, p. 10.

these, it had long been recognized at Washington that, since under the Monroe Doctrine the right of non-American Powers to take effective measures to protect their interests in Latin America was denied, the duty of acting for them might in certain cases devolve upon the United States. It was not, however, until 1905, in connection with the debts of San Domingo, that the principle of the obligation of the United States in this matter was definitely formulated by President Roosevelt in his Message to Congress of the 15th of February. Nothing could have been more proper or more conciliatory than the language which he then used:

"It has for some time been obvious [he said] that those who profit by the Monroe Doctrine must accept certain responsibilities along with the rights which it confers; and that the same statement applies to those who uphold the Doctrine. It cannot be too often and too emphatically asserted that the United States has not the slightest desire for territorial aggrandizement at the expense of any of its southern neighbors, and will not treat the Monroe Doctrine as an excuse for such aggrandizement on its part." . . .

We ourselves are simply performing in a peaceful manner . . . part of that international duty which is necessarily involved in the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine. We are bound to show that we perform this duty in good faith and without any intention of . . . conducting ourselves otherwise than so as to benefit both these weaker neighbors and those European Powers which may be brought into contact with them."¹⁶

Thus was established the principle that, under the Monroe Doctrine, the duty of policing the Americas, so far as international financial obligations are concerned, devolved upon the United States. It may be added that the duty, in the case of San Domingo,

has been carried out with the most scrupulous exactitude.

It was, however, inevitable that this principle, once admitted, should sooner or later be stretched to cover objects other than those to which it originally applied. The power of a State to pay its debts depends on the stability and efficiency of its institutions; consequently the duty of watching over the solvency of a State naturally leads to that of seeing that its internal conditions are such as to make solvency possible. The function of international trustee assumed by the United States has thus led logically to the assertion, under the Monroe Doctrine, of the duty of intervention for the purpose of preserving or restoring order." The abstract assertion of this duty by the Government of Washington is, indeed, of long standing, having been formulated by President Polk in his Message to Congress of April 29, 1848, during the war with Mexico, with reference to the Indian rising in Yucatan. But this gloss upon the original Monroe Doctrine has only recently become of vital importance in connection with the expansion of the influence of the United States over all the Latin-American republics in the neighborhood of the Panama Canal. It has received a fateful extension in the new doctrine of President Wilson, namely that the duty of intervention on the part of the United States covers not only the restoration of order *de facto*, but also that of order *de jure*. This principle is as far-reaching and as objectionable as any ever advanced by the Holy Alliance. It is indeed not distinguishable from that of the Holy Alliance, save in the underlying idea of what constitutes legitimate government. The European Allies, equally with President Wilson, proclaimed

¹⁷ It is not necessary to impute sinister motives. For instance, the recent declaration of the United States Government that it will allow no more revolutions in San Domingo deserves general sympathy.

¹⁶ Text in Kraus, op. cit. p. 451.

their object to be to "put a check upon revolutionary initiative," and the language in which they formulated their policy to this end bears a singular resemblance to that used in the Authoritative Statement already referred to, where it is affirmed that:

"The United States can only regard as the head of any American community a man who enjoys the support, properly expressed and registered, of a majority of his enfranchised fellow-citizens."

Read in connection with the two "points" from President Wilson's policy quoted above, this does not differ in principle from the famous clause of the Troppau Protocol defining the attitude of the Holy Alliance:

"States which have undergone a change of government due to revolution, the results of which threaten other States, *ipso facto* cease to be members of the European Alliance, and remain excluded from it until their situation gives guarantees for legal order and stability. If, owing to such alterations, immediate danger threatens other States, the Powers bind themselves, by peaceful means, or if need be by arms, to bring back the guilty State into the bosom of the Great Alliance."

The guarantees for legal order and stability were conceived by the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance to lie in the submission of the peoples to their Governments *ab antiquo*; by President Wilson they are assumed to depend on the will of the peoples "properly expressed and registered." From the international point of view it matters not which opinion be the more correct; the important thing is not the motive for intervention, but the claim to intervene. It may be asserted in defence of this claim that, to quote Secretary Olney, "the people of the United States have a vital interest in the

cause of popular self-government,"¹⁸ and that intervention in defence of this cause is justifiable by the right of self-preservation. Precisely the same justification was urged, in answer to the protests of Great Britain, by the signatories of the Troppau Protocol. The answer of Great Britain was clear, namely that intervention could not be justified on any abstract considerations whatever, but only "in each case as it arose" by the most urgent motives of self-preservation. It was to assert this principle in the case of the Latin-American colonies that Canning invited the co-operation of the United States; it was to combat the opposite principle, represented by the inner circle of the European Alliance, that the Monroe Doctrine was formulated. Truly it is a singular irony of history that the right of intervention should now be proclaimed from the White House, and the Monroe Doctrine invoked to consecrate the very principle against which at the outset it was directed.

The seriousness of the position created for British interests in Latin America by Great Britain's apparently unqualified approval of President Wilson's attitude, may be measured by the excitement aroused in South America by the whole trend of United States policy during the last ten years, an excitement which President Wilson's new policy of intervention, with the unlimited claim to the exercise of at least a moral hegemony which it implies, is not calculated to allay. It will doubtless be pointed out that the new "Wilson Doctrine" has by no means been received with universal disfavor in South America; that indeed it has been welcomed in certain quarters, and precisely in those which the Government of the United States desires to encourage. To some Latin-American theoretical democrats the

¹⁸ Instruction of July 20, 1895. In Kraus, p. 441.

utterances of President Wilson have appealed as the proclamation of a new and powerful crusade against the régime of dictatorships, oligarchies, and *caudillismo* generally under which they groan. The idea, which has been agitated lately, of a confederation of the Latin-American Great Powers—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—against the aggressions of the United States,²⁰ is, says the London correspondent of the "*Diario de la Plata*" of Montevideo, inconceivable; and to true democrats, engaged in the struggle with plutocracy and oligarchy, its realization would be wholly objectionable. For a confederation of three countries governed by oligarchies, with peoples for the greater part politically enslaved, would convert itself into a Holy Alliance against these peoples, and the longed-for reign of liberty, now approaching, would be rendered more remote than ever. In certain quarters, then, the new Monroism is hailed as "the holy apostolate of the peoples."²¹

In Latin America, however, the voice of pure democracy, though loud and persistent, is hardly representative; for it is not too much to say that in these countries democratic principles are not understood or appreciated even by the majority of those who are most eager in proclaiming them. The political master-passion of the Latin-American peoples is not the love of personal liberty, but patriotic pride; and they would rather suffer any wrongs at the hands of their compatriots than have these wrongs redressed by the intervention of foreigners. This has been made clear by the attitude of the "Constitutionalists" in Mexico. They welcome the moral and material support of the

United States; but should President Wilson decide on armed intervention, they declare that they would make common cause against the invader. If, then, the principle of intervention be thus regarded by those who might have been supposed to be most ready to welcome it, we may gauge the effect of its untimely proclamation in those countries where it is interpreted solely as a threat of future domination. This interpretation may be considered offensive, in view of President Wilson's repudiation of the imperialist policy of his predecessors, but it can hardly be condemned as wholly unreasonable. Every new phase in the development of the Monroe Doctrine has been accompanied by similar disclaimers, on the part of the United States Government, of any ambition for territorial aggrandizement at the expense of its neighbors, all doubtless made in perfect good faith. But Latin-American patriotism is less concerned with good intentions than with the direction of the path they serve to pave. What the direction of this path has been so far cannot be better described than in the words of Professor Hiram Bingham:

"In 1895 [he says] we declare that we are practically sovereign on the continent; in 1898 we take a rich American island from a European Power, and in 1903 we go through the form of preventing a South American republic from subduing a revolution in one of her distant provinces, and eventually take a strip of that province because we believe we owe it to the world to build the Panama Canal."²²

It is this last piece of what they regard as cynical aggression that the Latin-Americans cannot forget; they comment on the refusal of Washington, so loud in its advocacy of the abstract principles of arbitration, to submit the questions arising out of this

²⁰ Anti-Yanqui clubs, such as the A B C (i. e. Argentina, Brazil, Chile), at Rio de Janeiro, are widespread; but their present importance need not be exaggerated.

²¹ *Diario de la Plata*, Nov. 19, 1913.

²² "The Monroe Doctrine an exploded Shibboleth." *Atlantic Monthly*, June 1913, p. 724.

aggression to the judgment of The Hague Tribunal; they note that the "Wilson Doctrine" is in fact being used to consecrate the principle of a Yanqui protectorate over the Central American States. The completion of the Panama Canal itself, which should do so much for the material development of Latin America, has become a menace.

"Will the destruction of the last barrier (the Gamboa dike), [asks the Colombian journalist and sociologist Señor Vasques Jepes] be the beginning of the definitive preponderance of North over South America? . . . The opening of the Panama Canal will mark a date which our grandchildren will remember—perhaps with sorrow—when they shall see each of the States of Latin America represented by a little twinkle on the Stars and Stripes."²²

In short, President Wilson, to apply to him a phrase used of another idealist in power—the august originator of the Holy Alliance—is widely suspected by Latin-Americans of "disguising under the language of evangelical abnegation schemes of far-reaching ambition."

The strength of this suspicion was well illustrated by a recent debate in the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies arising out of an article in the "*Jornal do Commercio*," the most influential newspaper in Rio de Janeiro, which had been interpreted as approving the support stated by it to have been given by the Government to President Wilson's policy. In reply to an interpellation by Senhor Moacyr, it was denied on behalf of the Government that any such support had been given. Senhor Moacyr replied in a speech in which he denounced the new Monroism in vigorous terms:

"The ambassador of the United States in London, Mr. Page, lately re-

peated the declarations of President Wilson in a public speech²³ by which English opinion was strongly moved, and in which he said that the United States would not tolerate any foreign financial or industrial control in Latin America.

That is to say, that the republics of Latin America are no longer to have the right to grant concessions and privileges at their convenience to foreigners, and that, under pretext of emancipating these republics and of guarding them from a highly fanciful peril of European imperialism, the United States submit them purely and simply to its own control. What becomes, in this case, of the integrity and sovereignty of Latin America for which the great Republic exhibits so much solicitude? More and more the Monroe Doctrine, new style, betrays this manifest tendency: 'America for the United States.'

The English, who were seeking for petroleum concessions from Colombia and Ecuador, seem inclined to yield to the opposition of the United States in the name of this Monroe Doctrine, which is no longer a formula of emancipation but one of enslavement. Will the great Latin-American Republics submit to this American control and subordinate their foreign policy and their economic orientation to the interests of Washington? We do not believe it."²⁴

Significance is added to this utterance, and to many others of the same character, by the fact that it closely followed on Mr. Roosevelt's efforts, during his visit to Rio de Janeiro, to conciliate Brazilian opinion. Mr. Roosevelt, during his tour in South America, has been the spokesman of yet another conception of the Monroe Doctrine,²⁵ which would make the United States the centre of a sort of Holy Alliance of the greater American

²² At the annual dinner of the Savage Club, on Dec. 6, 1913.

²³ "*Le Brasil*" for December 14, 1913.

²⁴ "This doctrine should become continental, and cease to be unilateral." The lecture is reported in "*L'Etoile du Sud*," November 9, 1913.

²⁵ Quoted in *L'Etoile du Sud* (Rio de Janeiro) for Nov. 9, 1913.

republics. In his lecture before the Historical Institute in Rio on the 24th of October, he put forward this view of an eventual partnership of the United States, Brazil, and the other great republics in policing South America. It cannot be said that the proposal has been greeted with enthusiasm. The Brazilian Press seems to have been less impressed with the magnificence of the prospect thus opened up for the Latin-American countries than with the "Yankee utilitarianism" which led an ex-President of the United States to demand a fee of £400 for the lecture in which he proclaimed the gospel of "American Internationalism." The caustic comment of the eminent Brazilian scholar, Senhor Oliveira Lima, on these criticisms is perhaps even more significant of the trend of feeling. After pointing out that the Brazilians had spent some £12,000 in paying illustrious European lecturers to cover them with flowers of rhetoric, he asks why they should reserve their censures for Mr. Roosevelt,

"who, for £400, has sung the beauties of American internationalism, and has gratified our vanity by promising eventually to entrust us with the big stick, by speaking in vague terms of all that the United States has to fear from us, and by flattering our statesmen."

It would seem that, whatever function Great Britain may assume, Brazil at least is not inclined—in Senhor Moacyr's phrase—to act as train-bearer (*caudatario*) to the United States.

President Polk, when the European Powers, in connection with the Oregon and Texas disputes, showed signs of uneasiness at the expansive claims of the United States, declared with republican complacency that:

"Jealousy among the different European sovereigns of Europe, lest any

one of them might become too powerful for the rest, has caused them anxiously to desire the establishment of what they term the 'balance of power.' It cannot be permitted to have any application on the North American continent, and especially to the United States."²⁶

In assuming that the idea of a "balance of power" can obtain only among jealous autocracies this utterance is naïve; as a statement of policy it is unexceptionable. The United States were and are no more under any obligation to show any respect for the balance of power than were Louis XIV., or revolutionary France, or the great Napoleon, or Great Britain in respect of the dominion of the seas. The theory of the balance of power is not a rule of international law; no ethical motive underlies its acceptance; it is at most but a name given to a traditional counsel of expediency which, whenever one of a group of States threatens to become too powerful for the security of the rest, leads these almost instinctively to combine against it. The Latin-American republics, seeing the balance of power in the Americas upset by the vast and growing weight of the United States, may possibly form such a combination.²⁷ There are even signs that they may attempt to recall the Old World into existence to redress the balance of the New; and in making this attempt they will be able to argue with truth that the Power which dominates the Americas will dominate the world. But, even supposing this last were an exaggeration, the vastness of British Imperial and financial interests in the Americas makes the maintenance in the Western Hemisphere of a just

²⁶ Message of Dec. 2, 1845. In Kraus, op. cit. p. 407.

²⁷ "El Tiempo" of Guayaquil, for Nov. 23, 1913, after denouncing President Wilson's Mexican policy as "a fresh advertisement of the peril that threatens the Spanish republics," adds that "the combined force of the weak when menaced has not been sterile and in the end ambition has always had its Leipzig."

equilibrium little less important than in the Eastern. It is not, then, to our interest to see this balance utterly overthrown by any Power, however friendly.

Still less is it to our interest to seem to assist the process by a too-evident anxiety to purchase American goodwill at almost any cost. It is argued that this attitude is justified by the fact that it is of incomparably more importance to keep on good terms with an "Anglo-Saxon" nation, numbering 100,000,000 people, than to cultivate the friendship of the Latin-American republics, which are of little weight in the world since they are still poor, ill-organized, and disunited. This is to take short views. Latin America, it is true, is still undeveloped; but its development is proceeding with astounding rapidity, and its more progressive regions promise to take in the economy of the twentieth century a place comparable with that of the United States in the nineteenth. It is not good policy, either in respect of our present or our future interests, to imperil any wholesome influence we may have in these countries, an influence largely due to their belief that Great Britain respects their liberties, and that, in case of urgent need, they could rely at least upon her moral support in maintaining them. Nor, were Great Britain to make it clear that such indeed is her attitude, would this in the long run affect our relations of friendship with the American people, whatever temporary agitation it might provoke. The new Wilson Doctrine has by no means been greeted with universal approval in the United States; and, whatever appeal it may at present make to democratic sentiment, the abstract principle of intervention is likely to lose its popularity in proportion as its practical consequences are realized, for the American people will not be eager

to repeat indefinitely their experiences in Cuba and in the Philippines. It is probably true, as the Authoritative Statement points out, that any threat of active foreign opposition would rally the whole nation round President Wilson. It is not here suggested that any such threat should be used. The *gravamen* of the charge against our Government is, not that they have refrained from formally protesting against this new doctrine of intervention, but that by their language they have seemed to endorse it. It would have been easy for Mr. Asquith to have conciliated South American opinion, without doing anything to wound North American susceptibilities, by simply stating the intention of His Majesty's Government to maintain, really and not only professedly, the traditional British policy.

What is this traditional policy? Its earliest formal definition is contained in a memorandum drawn up by Lord Castlereagh in 1818, in answer to the Emperor Alexander's proposal to make the Holy Alliance effective for the guarantee of all "legitimate rights," and it is singularly applicable to the latest developments of the new Monroism.

"It cannot be maintained for a moment [he wrote] that States have a right to intervene in the internal affairs of others to prevent change, whether 'illegal' or 'legal,' for how can foreign States be left safely to judge of what is 'legal' in another State? . . . The only safe principle is that of the Law of Nations—that no State has the right to interfere with its neighbors by its internal proceedings, and that, if it does, provided they use a sound discretion, their right of interference is clear."²²

On this principle the Government, recognizing the peculiar interest of the United States in the question of the

²² Mem. of Lord Castlereagh. F. O. Records. Continent. Aix. Sept.—Dec. 1818. Enclosed in Castlereagh to Liverpool. No. 13.

restoration of order in Mexico, may be right in leaving President Wilson a free hand; but they should have made it clear that, in doing so, they do not necessarily endorse the abstract and far-reaching doctrine on which he chooses to base his policy. In 1821 Great Britain similarly allowed a free hand to Austria for the purpose of "restoring order" in Naples, because she recognized that a successful military revolt in southern Italy imperilled the interests of the Habsburg Monarchy in the north; but, in doing so, she vigorously repudiated the principle of intervention consecrated by the Troppau Protocol, by which it was sought to give a "moral" basis to this action. The analogy is perfect; and since appeal is to tradition—which is history—it may be added that the same Government which allowed the intervention of Austria in Naples protested with vigor against the intervention of France in Spain

The Edinburgh Review.

two years later. Each such case must, in fact—as Castlereagh put it—be judged as it arises, on its merits. Great Britain is not concerned with the principles which guide the policy of foreign States, but with their application. It is inconceivable that the United States will ever attempt to enforce this claim to watch over the purity of Presidential elections in Latin America; imagination boggles at the thought. But, since the claim has been made, it is important that it should be clearly understood that it is based upon a principle which Great Britain never has admitted and never can admit, since it is destructive of all just ideas of national independence. If she follow her traditional policy, she will, after making her general attitude towards the principle of intervention perfectly clear, wait till each case of its proposed practical application arises, and then act as her own honor and interests dictate.

Walter Alison Phillips.

THE UNWORLDLINESS OF JOURNALISTS.

Every kind of church has been charged with being worldly: nor will this charge be denied by any one who believes that there has been any church in the world. But there is a fact that strikes me as far more fascinating and queer than the fact that the church is worldly. I mean the fact that the world is unworldly. I mean the fact that the world always manages to muddle its own secular aim even more than any of the great religions have muddled their religious aim. I mean the fact that business men are unbusinesslike: publishers (for instance) have not the faintest idea of whether an author's work will sell. They have to ask another author, temporarily disguised as a reader. I mean the fact that sportsmen are un-

sportsmanlike; nobody would, in fact, bet a waistcoat button that a thousand sportsmen would sacrifice their own interests to the sport, any more than a thousand chapel-goers would sacrifice theirs to the chapel; if so much. I mean the fact that statesmen are unstatesmanlike: democracy has passed much of its time in producing aristocrats as the best people; and aristocrats have passed nearly all their time in proving that they were not the best people. I mean the fact that science, left to itself, tends to be more and more unscientific; that law, left to itself, tends to be more and more lawless. People talk about the failure of Christianity. Christianity, in a sense, expected failure; by its first dreadful gestures it dedicated itself

to failure. But compared with all the pagan and practical experiments of this world, Christianity is a colossal scoop.

The other cases are not merely instances of worldly failure, but of the failure of worldliness. And of all these, there is no case stranger or stronger than the case of the journalist who cannot even keep a journal. He is unworldly; he simply does not know what happens from day to day. We are concerned here with no complaint that journalism is not literature: our complaint is that journalism is not journalism. We can leave aside all the criticisms, right or wrong, which in earlier decades described journalism as pert or prying or vulgarly intimate. It may be that the journalist was once the early bird that caught the worm. And it may be that the worm is no fit breakfast for a gentleman. But at this particular minute by the clock, I strongly asseverate that the journalist is not the early bird, but the late bird—in both senses of the word. He is the late bird, not only in the sense that he has not killed the worm, but in the sense that he is killed himself. And the result has been what should (I suppose) be expected on strict evolutionary principles, that the worms of this world are having an exceedingly good time. They have waxed so large and wound about so widely as to recall those colossal worms which, in the doubtful tongues of the Dark Ages, seem to have corresponded to the serpent of Eden and the dragon of St. George.

Broadly, and abandoning metaphor, the journalist has wholly failed to be useful even in what were regarded as his base uses. It is not necessary to say that he is a failure as a judge, a failure as a tribune, or even a failure as a demagogue. He is a failure as a spy; he is a failure as an eaves-

dropper; he is a failure as a scandal-monger; he is a failure as a coward and deserter bringing the first news of a defeat. He does not bring the news; he does not know the news. Both the politicians and the populace are doing more and more without the papers. When Mr. Balfour said he never read the papers it was regarded as a remote and aristocratic affectation; but it was probably the most popular and democratic thing he ever said in his life. I do not say, of course, that journalists do not let me know some things quicker than I should have heard them in any other way. But I do say that their primary thought at present is rather slowness in selecting the news than quickness in imparting it. That which the organization provides for, that which the machinery achieves, is not that I shall hear one fact early to-morrow (though I may) but that I shall not hear five other facts till to-morrow week, and shall not hear fifteen other facts at all. But over and above this, there is the third point with which I am concerned in this third article; that not only do journalists conceal the truth; but the truth is very largely concealed from them. This is the reason why, even in the squalid subsidence of the modern press, newspaper editors are still nicer men than newspaper proprietors.

The case can be best tested by the particular sort of news that obviously ought to be new. There is a sort of journalism which carries on in a less polished style the tradition of *Truth* and *The World*. It is avowedly gossip; or rather it is avowedly rumor. It professes to be the latest from the racing stables, the latest from the green-room, the latest from the clubs. It is avowedly cautious because of its audacity; it hints a doubt and hesitates dislike. The comment is not so much a criticism; it is rather a sort of friv-

olous prophecy. In these little paragraphs in the flashy society papers, we ought to find the last whisper of novelty, if we find it anywhere. People who are worldly, and even wickedly worldly, might at least know the world. They do not. Their whispers are not whispers, but snores: snores of sleepers who have slept for a hundred years. The men who write these things know less of the things than the men who read them. The old idea was that a book, or anything like a book, had something of the quality of a testament or an oracle: but nearly every modern man is superior to the sheet he reads.

I saw in a frivolous weekly sheet the other day, a sheet full of ballet-girls and sporting baronets, a cunning little paragraph that said something like: "We wonder whether Mr. H. G. Wells is still so enthusiastic for Fabian Socialism as he says; we have heard there may soon be news of some little rift in the lute, which by and by, etc., etc." Now suppose I was the editor of a smart society paper (dressing the part would be fun) and suppose I kept on writing things like this: "A little bird has told us that Mr. Winston Churchill may not always be found on the Conservative benches; and that should he transfer *his* allegiance to the Liberals, they may even find office for him"—or "The market was fluttered this morning on account of the startling rumor that Dr. Jameson was contemplating a raid, and had actually invaded President Kruger's territory. We shall keep our readers early informed, etc."—or—"There is a whisper in smart circles that a wife will soon be found for the young King of Spain; some say that the actual lady is, etc."—or, "As we go to press we hear that Lord Curzon is contemplating a Durbar," and so on and so on. Should I be considered a knowing and up-to-date young dog?

I do not know. But I do know that none of the above remarks are of more antediluvian absurdity than the remark about Mr. Wells in that knowing little paper that I described above. Mr. Wells never was a Socialist in a full Fabian sense, and never pretended to be; he was specially the critic of the official Fabian policy. He wrote "Faults of the Fabian" so long ago that it whitens my hair to think of it. Then he definitely divided himself from the whole thing, giving his theoretic reasons. Since then he has battered the Fabian Society in book after book, so that it is almost impossible to open a new novel by him without seeing, as it were, the face of some Fabian snapshotted by a flash of lightning at a most unfortunate moment—for him. Moreover he explained all this himself, in an article in *The New Witness*, and doubtless in many other places. Yet the very special kind of paper whose only plea in extenuation of its sins must be that it can catch the flying tail of the new rumor, has not even heard of the beginnings of this ancient tale. This is not an isolated case. I saw in a similar society organ something about Mr. Lloyd George and his friend Mr. Lansbury, with whom apparently he is united, not only (of course) by the wild romance of rapacious Socialism and frantic popularity, but also by the unclouded affection of two companions in arms. Yet this was several months after the two men had nearly fought each other in Parliament with a passion unknown in that place; when Mr. Lansbury talked about a Marconi secret and Mr. George about a foul lip. This is the curious paradox: that the articles that almost profess to be prophecies are out of date even as histories. It would be an exaggeration to say that their one permanent poster is that Queen Anne is dead. But they do not seem to be able to get much

further than the news that Queen Victoria is ill.

This suggests another mode of testing the matter, which has always struck me as very remarkable. It is within my own experience that I have always heard the most interesting and exciting debates about the destiny and policy of modern institutions, either by being present at them or by hearing of them from my friends. Of next to none of them do I owe my knowledge to the newspapers. Here I must anticipate and avert a misunderstanding; especially about what I mean by exciting debates. The upholder of the existing journalistic conventions may imagine that I mean to say "The debate on the raising of the age for school attendance between Mr. Pidge, X.C.C., and Dr. Gurner was more truly momentous than the paltry party struggles," or "The destiny of Europe will be more lastingly affected by this decision of the General of the Jesuits about early rising than by any recent political events." To this sort of thing, of course, he will have his usual reply: "We write for the public; the public knows and cares nothing about sciences, educational or theological; the public would not listen, etc." But I do not mean things of that kind, things that can only indirectly, as a point of private conviction, be called exciting. I mean things that really are exciting, in the perfectly plain and popular sense of the word. And I say it is as much bad journalism to miss the difference or conflict between Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G.

The British Review.

Wells as it would be bad journalism to miss the conflict between Sayers and Heenan. Even according to the crude and rather fantastic popular representations of the two men, the idea of their collision would be as entertaining to the public as that of Mephistopheles and the Man in the Moon. Yet we have seen how little the light press of the time ever even knew that their types of Socialism were different. A much stronger case can be found in the great Socialist duel between Jaurès and Bebel many years ago. It was a scene as crucial and historic as Luther before his examiners, or Robespierre shouted down by the revolutionists. But the English papers did it no justice; and I first heard the point of it from a man who happened to be there. It was nothing less than the resurrection of nationality in Europe. The Socialist Congress had begun, as such congresses always do begin, with a sort of prayer to nothing in particular, beseeching it (whatever it was) to keep the peace of Europe and preserve, above all, "the social solidarity of the proletarians of all lands." France was nothing, Germany was nothing, Humanity was everything. Before the end of that debate the two greatest Socialists alive were taunting each other about Bismarck and Napoleon, about flags and barricades. Will any one say patriotism is unpopular? Will any one say France and Germany are things the public has never heard of? No: it is only the unworlly journalist who has never heard of them.

G. K. Chesterton.

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER XVI.

Octavia's room at Berkshire Gardens seemed a more desirable place than the Museum on a June afternoon.

"I'm coming down with you this week," said Octavia, examining the interior of the teapot with some anxiety. The main characteristic of the

tea appeared to be heat. "I wrote to Grace—Peggy, do you call her? Well, she signs herself Grace Sargesson—and I told her I wanted to come and see her, and she sent me a letter. It's a dear! I love the writing. It's like—like a sampler."

"What in the world is the matter with this tea?" asked Robert.

"It's—I'm not quite sure. You must be patient, anyhow. It's a new sort of infuser, and most good for you. You get no tannin whatever."

"You get no tea whatever. This is simply atrocious."

"Oh, Robert! *Not* the begonia!" A pale fluid cascaded under pink bloom. "Ah, well," remarked Octavia, glancing at the window; "if it had to be one of them, I'd rather it had been the begonia. Begonias always remind me of soap."

"Well, now it's got the hot water," said Robert. "I'll make the tea."

"No, my dear Robert, you will not," observed Octavia. "I can't stop you boiling the begonias, but you shan't touch my teapot. Well, as I was saying," she went on, "I'm coming down this week with you to Arden, to see your wards—isn't that right, Robert? You'll break that chair. That's an old one I bought; it's not meant to be sat upon."

"Just what I expected."

"Then you shouldn't have tried to sit upon it. Take that chair over there, and wait for your tea quietly. What I was going to say when you interrupted was that I'm going down to Arden to see the children, and their old nurse, and the governess, but especially the children. Because I think they would just do for my Richard and little Henry, bless his heart."

"Those boys ought to be going to school."

"In five years they shall, Robert. That's just one of the reasons why I'm going down to see these children at

Arden, because the two boys are going to the same school that I've chosen for Richard and Henry, to see if it's all right."

"Then that's settled?" I asked. "I haven't written to the schoolmaster, you know, to say that they're coming."

"You must write at once. Now, Robert, you can have some tea."

"But I've written to say that I should like to go and see the school."

"Very well," said Octavia; "I'll take you."

We travelled down to Willowbourne on the Saturday morning. I had brought a book to read in the train, and Octavia, having asked to look at it, read it the whole way down to Willowbourne. This, she explained, was good for my eyesight. The train was slowing up to run into the little station when she thanked me for having brought the book for her, gave it me, to carry, and looked about for her parcels. She had devised presents for each of the children, most of them of a rather bulky nature; I had arranged them on the racks and seats.

"Oh, by the way," she said, as I began taking them down, "did I tell you about Dacia Grey?"

"Nothing, I think."

"He's coming back in September. Robert heard from him yesterday—a cable."

"A cable? From whom?"

"Why, Captain Forbes. The man she's engaged to. He's an old friend of Robert's. Didn't you know?"

"But she—I thought it was broken off."

Octavia smiled. "That's the reason he's coming back. He means it to be on again. But what I can't make out," said Octavia, settling her hat in the glass, "is how he has managed it. She wouldn't marry him because he had to go out to India, you see, and couldn't come back for years; and now he's coming back in September."

The train stopped with a jerk. Allen and Murray, from the far end of the platform, came walking a little doubtfully towards us. When they were a few yards away Allen suddenly strode forward from Murray's side, took off his hat, and shook hands with great vigor. Murray was less abrupt. We were busy for a moment or two with the parcels, and I heard a cautious reproof.

"You shouldn't have gone straight up with your hand right out like that. You should wait for a lady to put her hand out to you."

"But I knew she would if I put mine out. Besides, she—anybody could see she would."

Octavia selected her luggage, and the boys surveyed the growing pile with interest. Willowbourne's solitary porter, wheeling portmanteaux on a truck, stopped opposite the parcels and boxes which had been in the carriage, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Allen, stepping out of the way of the truck, found himself by Octavia's side. Her hand hung at a convenient height, and his own thought and not Murray's caution was in his mind.

"Is it all yours?" he asked, looking up at her.

"No; some of it's yours," she told him. "And some of it's Murray's, and some of it's Peggy's, and that brown-paper parcel is Anne's, and that big one without any shape at all is John's."

Allen looked at the pile and then at her. "Parcels?" he asked. "But it's luggage out of the train. I don't see—"

"I know. I believe I know." Murray stood and gazed, not at the parcels, but at Octavia. She nodded.

"It is, it is!"

The piled truck was wheeled down the platform to the gate, where James the coachman waited with a wagonette. Octavia followed the truck, with

Allen giving short jumps into the air on one side of her, and Murray dancing backwards on the other.

"Presents! presents from London! I knew it was; I've seen them before. So have you, Allen, only you don't remember."

"I do remember. Of course I do."

"No, you don't, you're much too young. You thought it was luggage. You didn't know it was presents from London, which are far bigger than ordinary presents. They're—it's that, and that, and that!" Murray pointed at the brown shapes high on the truck.

Allen stopped jumping. "Then let's undo them before they get into the cart," he said suddenly, and rushed at Octavia's hatbox. He was with difficulty persuaded to take his seat in the wagonette and to allow the luggage to follow in a cart. "What I should have liked would have been to drive on in front with the luggage," he said.

"But you couldn't do that because the luggage cart goes so slowly," objected Murray.

"Then let's simply drive our fastest, and get home quicker than ever."

"But then you'd be home before the luggage."

We did get home before the luggage, and having arrived, Allen decided to run to meet it coming along the road. Peggy was waiting for us in the porch, and when she came forward she saw Octavia as Allen had seen her, and as all the children have seen her since the day when, for the hundredth time, she spent her last afternoon with her doll. John and Anne had no doubts, and before we had been five minutes out of the wagonette Octavia was seated in the shade of a cedar-tree with John on her knee, Anne on the seat next her, and Peggy watching her as she talked with a new light in her eyes. Peggy talking to me, I knew, never quite lost the trouble out of her

straight brows, but I did not know how deep the problems lay until that moment when she sat there with Octavia and—you could see—her world had turned to blue skies again. What use had I been to her, then? Could I not have helped her through to the blue skies before? Well, at least I had brought her Octavia.

My thoughts were interrupted by an incursion. The luggage cart appeared at the end of the carriage drive, with Allen next the driver; he had somehow climbed to a perilous seat among portmanteaux and parcels. Arrived within sight of Octavia, he appeared to be mainly concerned to get down from his seat again; the pony was pulled up for him to jump, and he rushed across the lawn informing Octavia as he ran that the luggage had indeed and at last come from the station.

"Then let's go straight round to the back door and unpack everything," she said, and Murray started from her side across the lawn.

"Everything, at the back door, Allen! Do you hear? At the back door, everything!"

It would have been difficult for Allen not to hear. At the back door, where the portmanteaux were being separated from the parcels, Octavia selected a lengthy and shapeless package and placed one end in the arms of Murray, the other in the neighborhood of Allen—it was not easy to locate any particular limb. Knots in the string engaged Murray, Allen dealt directly with the brown paper: I found a knife to help Murray, and brown paper and white paper flew about us. First, from a welter of brown, emerged a landing-net; then, after rapid work with the knife, two fishing-rods in cases tied with tape; the tape was strongly sewn to the case. Two rods emerged; Allen's first.

"Oh-h!" said Murray, contemplating

varnish and red-silk whippings, and could say no more.

Allen, without words, tried to fit two tops into the middle joint, nor did he remove the stopper; he was very pale.

"Look," said I, indicating a parcel packed in the landing-net.

The two glanced doubtfully from the certain possession of the rods; then something in the form of the parcel attracted each of them equally suddenly. The paper parted at once, and there fell into the net two polished wooden winders, with floats and casts; two bronzed reels with lines wound on them. The net, for a second of time, contained four hands; then from Allen's reel came the sound of its ticking check, and from Allen's winder pink float-caps and split shot dribbled down on the gravel path. He gazed at them, then at the winder, then at the rod. The thought seemed to occur to him that he had relinquished possession of the rod, which was left lying dangerously alone. His right hand could not pick it all up, nor his left, until the reel was transferred; finally rod, rod case, reel and winder were gathered to his breast and he appeared to be occupied with a desire to escape to a safe and solitary place by himself. He had not gone more than a step or two when one of the joints of the rod began to slip, then another; then there was a stifled exclamation, and he stood with his possessions preventing further progress. Murray darted to his side; there was a hurried undertone and a redistribution of property, and both boys advanced to Octavia.

"Thank you very much indeed, Mrs. Warden," said Murray.

"I—I did mean to thank you," said Allen.

"But you have. I've never been thanked so heartily for anything before," Octavia told him. "Now let's

put the rods together and after dinner we'll go fishing."

There was a pause.

"But will you come fishing with us?"

"Fishing with us like James?"

"Like James," said Octavia.

"But—but don't you mind the worms?"

"Worms? Nasty wriggly things! I like them," said Octavia.

"And you don't mind the fish touching you?"

"No, you mean her touching the fish," corrected Murray.

"I don't. I was thinking of that time when you caught one and James wasn't looking."

"Did it touch James?" asked Octavia.

"It—it flew right in his face," said Allen. "He didn't expect it, you see. Oh, Murray," he broke off, "we haven't got any. Come on." He was off to the corner of the house.

"Haven't got any what?" asked Murray, busy with sliding his reel in to its fittings. He held out the butt and gazed at it.

"Worms, of course," called Allen. The fitted butt caught his eye.

"I simply must put my rod together," said Murray, and Allen returned to pick up his reel and fit it.

"Will you show me how this goes?" he asked Octavia. "If you're going to be with us this afternoon, then you'll like to know we've got everything ready, won't you? James always does."

"I'll show you," I told him, and I wondered why he looked doubtfully at me. I was not the giver of the rod, I supposed, and therefore could not know its habits. But why, I wondered, too, did he refer Octavia to the customs of James? Why not to myself? The last time they went fishing it was I went with them, not James. I reflected that they would be more used to James, and

would think naturally of him first.

We took the rods and the other parcels round to the lawn in front of the house. The rods were put together, the dressed line ("I simply love the smell," Murray told me) was run through the rings, and the new gut cast was put to soak in water. As each part and property was examined (Allen ran the whole of his line off the reel to test the length) I watched Octavia with the other children. Why had I never thought of bringing them such things? There was a wooden horse for John, of the true, rotund, red-striped, pillar-legged kind; the real nursery steed, a very Trojan among horses. John patted its wiry mane. There was a writing portfolio of Russia leather for Peggy, and she opened it at once to see if she could write letters on her knee. I thought of her sitting by the perambulator in the garden; Octavia had thought of that before me. And for Anne there was a doll. It was a brown-haired doll of many virtues, as you could see from Anne's face and arms; it slept or woke as its parent wished; its frock, its socks, its underclothes took off and on, with tapes, buttons, hooks, eyes; it sat, or reclined, or lay flat in a perambulator. It was rather large for Anne, but there was no doubt in Anne's mind that for Anne it was designed. She did not hold it with the greatest ease, her arms being very short, even if very willing. Peggy showed her how to carry it with a little less discomfort, and how to settle it in the perambulator and how to hush it to sleep. And I happened to glance at Octavia, and saw that she was watching not Anne, but Peggy.

And once more, as I glanced at Octavia there with the children, the question crossed my mind again which had occurred to me when Murray had asked her instead of myself to show him the way with his new reel. Perhaps the

answer, I thought, was plain enough; could it be anything else but plain, and the answer I deserved? The children had looked at Octavia and had seen and known her for what she was; children came first in the world for Octavia, and all the children knew it. And why should they think twice that morning about myself, who was not thinking first of them? For I—well, I found myself over and over again piecing together the news that Octavia had told me as the train ran into Willowbourne station, and the last sentence I had heard from Dacia when I picked up her telegram for her in the wind outside the wood. "He's coming in September," Octavia had told me. September was the single word in the telegram, and Dacia knew that I had read it. Had she meant me to read it? "It's just a date"—I remembered the light dancing up in her eyes. Did she look forward to the date? Or did she mean—the light danced before me, the light and the challenge, *Do you dare? You dare!*—did she mean that between that date and now there was time, there was chance, there was hope? Hope! I had hoped when I waited for her in the rain, and she knew it. Could I wait for her, would she expect me to wait for her again, as I had waited then? I would not, I told myself; I would not. And yet—she had looked back at me as I left her; she meant me to remember that. I would not remember that, I told myself; I would not go; I would spend my three days in Arden without moving from the Grange.

And at the Grange already it mattered nothing whether I went or stayed. Well, if that was anybody's fault it was very plainly mine.

After lunch, which was a meal interspersed with prophecy as to the size, weight and muscular power of carp, there was an agitated interval before starting for the pond. It was

recognized that there was justice in Octavia's demand for time to put on a hat. "It isn't like Peggy's; it's a different kind," Murray explained to Allen. This explanation was accepted. Allen sought relief in rustling to fetch the tin of worms, and I came out of the front door to find Murray standing on the gravel drive with his rod over his shoulder. I picked up the landing-net, and he regarded me with sudden surprise, caught my eye, and looked politely away again.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"Nothing, only—only we—Are you coming with us fishing?"

"I was. Don't you want me to?"

"Of course we do. But—"

"Well?" I asked, after a pause.

"I can't very well explain," said Murray uneasily.

Allen made the explanation easier. He returned with the worms and wished me good-bye.

"No, Allen," urged Murray in a loud aside; his fishing-rod prevented him from coming closer to explain. "Don't you see he's coming with us?"

"But Hannah said you weren't," objected Allen.

"And who is Hannah?"

"Hannah the parlormaid. You must know Hannah. She said—"

"It's all a mistake," explained Murray anxiously. "We—you see, we didn't think you would be coming with us. We thought that—well, Hannah said that you would be going off to—that you wouldn't want to come with us any more."

"She said she knew all about you," observed Allen.

"You mustn't say what she said, Allen. Because you only heard it when you were listening."

"But you were listening too. She said—"

"No, she didn't. Because I heard the exact words. She said when people got up in the middle of the night

and went out in pouring rain to meet other people, it was as plain as the nose on her face. And it was afterwards she said she knew all about him—about you, I mean. There now," he exclaimed, turning to Allen, "you've made me say it when I didn't mean to."

"She seems a remarkably well-informed person," I said. "How did she come to know so much?"

"I don't know how she came to know all about you," said Murray. "But if you mean about getting up early——"

"Well?"

"She found the front door undone, and so she thought there must be someone in the house, and then your door was open so she knew it was you."

"She said she saw it all," put in Allen.

"She has wonderful powers of vision, evidently."

"She saw you in the field where the pheasants are. Over there."

The coops stood on a slope of grass field visible from where we stood, and, I reflected, from certain windows at the side of the house.

"So that was why we thought—why she said—why I meant we

thought you would be going away and not coming with us," explained Murray.

"Running off, Hannah said you'd be. I heard her."

Peggy and Octavia, I observed, were standing behind me. Allen seized his rod.

"Now at last we can start," he exclaimed. "And Mr. Markwick—Mr. Markwick's coming with us. And he's not going to go with Dacia. And Hannah said he was."

Octavia has the faculty of receiving surprising information without astonishment. Perhaps, on the other hand, it occurred to me afterwards, she was not surprised.

"Well, I'm going to carry the landing-net," she said, "and I'm going to walk with Peggy. And you and Murray must walk further in front of us than that, else whenever you stop, you see——" at that moment it was fortunate that Octavia stopped—"I shall hurt my hat against the point of your rod."

And so, with Allen and Murray walking in front of us, except when the special circumstances of the situation became too much for them, we set out for the pond.

Eric Parker.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH CIVIL AND MILITARY AVIATION IN 1913.

II.

It is no longer a figure of speech to call military avions the "Fifth Arm." At the French autumn manœuvres held last September they did not constitute a simple volunteer corps, but occupied the position of an arm in the same way as the infantry, the cavalry, the artillery, and the engineering corps. Three squadrons, each composed of six avions, were attached to

each of the conflicting armies. The forces commanded by General Pau possessed 1 squadron of Bleriot monoplanes, 1 squadron of Henry Farman biplanes, and 1 squadron of Maurice Farman biplanes. The army commanded by General Chomer had 1 squadron of Deperdussin monoplanes, 1 squadron of Voisin biplanes, and 1 squadron of Bréguet biplanes. Each of those squadrons was naturally pro-

vided with its convoy, composed of 6 tractors, 1 automobile van, 2 motor-cars, and 1 automobile workshop van.

As some 60 avions were employed in the autumn manoeuvres of 1912, considerable surprise was created among the general public by only 36 figuring in the sham fighting of 1913. That reduction was, however, the consecration of the avion as a regular arm. Indeed, the corps engaged in the manoeuvres comprised the regular number of avions attached to them and no more, in the same way as they possessed a definite number of batteries of artillery, &c. The limitation of the number of avions was the palpable proof of the definitive militarization of aviation. It was acting in accord with that fact that the pilots were not picked men, as they had been on previous occasions, but simply the military aviators of the squadrons forming part of the army corps which participated in the manoeuvres. Though the general public had never heard the names of the greater number of those officers, non-commissioned officers, and common soldiers, those military pilots did the work confided to them as well, if not better, than the renowned picked aviators employed in last year's sham fighting. They thus proved the French military authorities were right in already applying the principle that all military aviators, without exception, should be capable of rendering the services their chiefs may require of them. It was the same with the mechanicians and military workmen accompanying them, whereas last year the aeroplane constructors and motor builders supplied special gangs of expert mechanicians and workmen to assist the military aviators on the sham battlefield.

It would be idle to describe all the evolutions of the military avions; but it may be worth while to note that they

all, without any exception, effected their concentration in the south-western region of France by the aerial highway. Agen having been the point of concentration fixed for the avions of General Pau's army, and Toulouse for those of General Chomer's aerial forces they had to fly to those places from Lyons, Epinal, Villacoublay, Douai, Mourmelon, &c., thus traversing the greater portion of France. The staff officers trained as military observers on avions were all men capable of appreciating the value and importance of the information they collected, and in each of the two conflicting armies a superior officer served as intermediary between the commander-in-chief and the aviation department. He indicated clearly to the pilots and military observers the precise nature of the problems they were required to solve. There was a question of using the wireless telegraph on the avions, with a receiving-station at headquarters; but it was recognized that for scouting and exploring within a distance not exceeding 100 kilometres (62 miles) the speed of the avions was such that the message could be brought by the aviator as quickly as it could be transmitted, received, translated, and written out.

That calculation was doubtlessly correct, because on 14th September, after reviewing the three squadrons attached to his army, General Pau, addressing the military pilots and observers, said: "I congratulate you each individually, but I must thank you all as a body, for your devotion and the services you have rendered us—I mean the services you have rendered the army of which I am the chief. Thanks to you, we from early morning knew hour by hour what the enemy was doing. You brought the information rapidly, and, what is more, it was always precise and correct. I confess that though I used it at once,

I later on had it controlled. It was always confirmed. That is the greatest praise I can give you. I knew in good time all that diligent, skilful tactician, General Chomer, attempted. That fact speaks for itself. And I believe your comrades of General Chomer's army rendered the same useful services, because it seemed to me our adversaries were not unaware of any thing which we on our side attempted. That is a splendid result in a region like this, crossed by rivers and deep valleys, where landings are difficult and dangerous." Though General Pau thus declared the military pilots and observers had carried out most successfully all the instructions given them, he was not altogether satisfied with those instructions. He considered they were incomplete, because, as he remarked, "in a country where communications by land are so difficult and occupy so long a time, it was perhaps natural that what we call the *service de liaison* should prove to be the weak point. Whether I was in the rear or van of my troops, there were times when I was without any sufficiently prompt and precise information concerning the carrying out of the orders I had given, and of the result of which I was ignorant. Had it been possible to execute them? and how? That inconvenience is especially great for night marches. Troops are ordered to go and take up such and such positions. One knows they start, but one is not sure they reach their destination. Sometimes twelve hours elapse before one knows whether it has been possible to effect the manœuvre, and one may consequently act wrongly during twelve hours! Thanks to you, pilots and observers, we are often better informed of the enemy's doings than we are concerning our own movements. It is indispensable this last weakness should disappear. You must

start with the double mission to go and see what the enemy is doing, and also to ascertain whether what we sought to do has been done."

The aeroplanes which have been already incorporated in the French army being destined exclusively for scouting and exploring, no surprise need be felt that they were not used in the last manœuvres for directing artillery fire or as instruments of combat. It may be regrettable that after so many proofs of the capacity of observers on aeroplanes to correct the aim of artillery-men who are firing at a spot hidden from their sight, no steps have yet been taken to provide batteries of artillery with that most useful auxiliary. It seems, however, pretty certain that General Bernard, the director of the aviation department quite recently created at the French War Ministry, is determined not only to give the artillery the avions it requires, but also to create squadrons of avions to assist each division of cavalry. The cavalry manœuvres held last autumn between Rethel and Slisbonne, at which avions were used, furnished convincing evidence in favor of the employment of the aeroplane as an auxiliary for cavalry in scouting. It was clearly demonstrated that, for instance in the case of cavalry wishing to come into contact with the enemy, the observer on an aeroplane would in a very short time be able to furnish reliable information concerning the positions occupied by the enemy which could not otherwise be obtained without long and perilous expeditions.

At the German Imperial military manœuvres held in Silesia during the month of September, each of the conflicting armies had 1 dirigible and 18 avions at its disposal. The 2 dirigibles do not seem to have distinguished themselves any more than the 2 French dirigibles did at the French autumn manœuvres, but the services

rendered by the German avions were described as having been most useful to the commanders, who based the movements of their forces on the information furnished by the aviators. Of the 18 monoplanes (Rumpler, Albatros, and Jeanin, "pigeons") and the 18 biplanes (Albatros, Aviatik, and L.V.G., all having the propeller in front), 8 L.V.G. biplanes were held in reserve. Each of the other 28 machines had at its disposal a four-wheeled vehicle constructed for the transport of the avion, an automobile tractor carrying a tent to shelter the aeroplane when camping out, essence, oil, spare parts, &c. In addition to that rolling stock, each of the 5 squadrons of avions was accompanied by an automobile workshop van.

A material change has taken place during the last twelve months in the respective positions of the great European States in so far as aviation is concerned. Great Britain has commenced the acquisition of an aerial fleet, destined not only for military scouting and exploring expeditions, but for the defence of her coasts and her fleet; Germany, in addition to the many millions lavished on aerial Dreadnoughts, has spent more money in the purchase and construction of aerial craft heavier than air than any other country; Russia, recognizing the inestimable services aeroplanes can render in war, has undertaken the creation of important aerial forces; Italy has continued to increase her aerial fleet; Austria, though lagging behind, is occupied with the study of the questions relative to the organization of a Fifth Arm; Spain has purchased a certain number of military avions; and Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Roumania, as well as Turkey, already possess aerial forces, to say nothing of the two neutral European States—Belgium and Switzerland, the former of which is taking a promi-

nent part in the development of aviation, or of Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, that are one and all following the example of the great Powers by adopting aeroplanes as a Fifth Arm. However, France still keeps the lead. She does not only possess a greater number of military avions than any other State, but she has proceeded with marked success with the organization of her Fifth Arm. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that she has since the end of 1912 lost some of the great advance she then had in aviation over all other countries. It was on 1st January 1913 possible to compute with something like accuracy the number of avions she and her chief continental rival, Germany, possessed. Now such an operation would be very difficult, and even if reliable statistics of the avions belonging respectively to the two Powers could be obtained they would be misleading, because the data required for estimating the military values of the machines would be wanting. It is certain the French military aeroplane sheds contain a number of old avions of obsolete types, which could not be utilized in case of war, and it may be taken for granted that among the aeroplanes made in Germany the number of military flying machines unfit for service is also very large. However, aeroplane constructors, who are perhaps in a better position than most people to know, affirm that while the French military authorities have in recent months been taking delivery, on an average, of one avion per day, the German army has been receiving two. If that proportion were to be maintained the German fleet of avions would soon be, at least numerically, more imposing than that of France.

In addition to the regular aerial forces incorporated in the French active army, an aerial militia is likely to be created ere long. The idea was

started by M. Alfred Leblanc and the Friendly Association of Civil Aviators, of which he is the President. The project, elaborated by the Aviators' Syndicate and a sub-commission of the General Staff of the French Army, consists in the grouping of some 200 civil aviators in an aerial militia force. Those civil aviators may be divided into three categories: first, the pilots possessing aeroplanes; second, those in the service of aeroplane constructors; and third, those not possessing aeroplanes. At the present time there are not more than 50 or 60 civil aviators possessing aeroplanes, but a greater number are employed by aeroplane constructors who could place machines at their disposal. However, the large majority are men who, having learned to pilot aerial craft, have been unable for want of money to pursue the calling of aviator. As none but men possessing the superior military aviation certificate are to be admitted into the ranks of the proposed aerial militia, the Government would facilitate matters by paying a lump sum of £60 to the proprietors of aviation schools who should, by the instruction given, and the loan of aeroplanes, enable a volunteer for the aerial militia to pass the examination for the necessary superior military aviation certificate. After being admitted into the aerial militia, every member of the corps would be called out for a period of eight or ten days' exercise every three months, in addition to the periods corresponding with the training of the military reserves. In remuneration of his services each pilot of the aerial militia would receive £144 per annum.

In spite of the fact that, as stated above, a German officer piloting an all-German avion of the military type last October beat the world's record of distance covered in the air in one day, and that a civil

German aviator, piloting an all-German hydro-aeroplane, surpassed the performances of half a dozen of the best French aviators piloting all-French machines at the Italian Lakes competition, there can be little doubt of the German avions being less perfect than those built in France. Indeed, in the construction of aeroplanes the French have maintained their superiority.

It would be useless for any Power to possess the best and most perfect fleet of avions if it had not a sufficient number of expert pilots to man the aerial craft. At the present moment the French Aero Club has issued 1550 aviation pilot's certificates, but the list comprises many foreigners. Of the licensed French pilots about 250 have also obtained the superior military aviation certificate, and are consequently most expert and experienced aviators. Whether Germany can boast of possessing an equal or a superior number of aviation pilots may be questioned; but it is undeniable that the German military aviation authorities are pushing forward as fast as possible the instruction of pilots regardless of expense, and also, it would seem, from the frequency of serious and often fatal accidents, regardless of cost in human life. The writer of this article does not pretend to be acquainted with, or to be able to appreciate all, the details of the organization of the military aerial forces of Great Britain, Germany, or France, but it may be useful to call attention to the state of transition which existed in France during the last six months of 1913. After the appointment of General Roques to the command of a division, Colonel Hirschauer, promoted to the grade of general, was named Permanent Inspector-General of aviation. He made no important innovation, but contented himself with the continuation of the work of

organizing the aerial troops commenced by General Roques. He in his turn was removed from his post at the head of the French military aviation services and given the command of a brigade. In the meantime M. Etienne, the War Minister, had created a special aviation department at the War Ministry, and General Bernard was placed at its head. That superior officer is not a specialist of the aerial science, but great hopes are founded on his common-sense and organizing capacities. It is said he is determined not only to generalize the use of scouting and exploring avions, but also to give the artillery and cavalry the aeroplanes which are destined to render those two arms most useful services. Also, he considers the moment has come to create a force of armored fighting aeroplanes.

By the creation of the new aeronautic department at the French War Ministry, French military aviation has been relieved of the dual control of the artillery and engineering departments, which led to so much confusion. Now, enjoying the advantages of an autonomous existence, like the other arms, it is divided into two sections—the aeronautic branch (steerable balloons and ordinary balloons) and the aviation branch (all flying machines heavier than air). The officers at the head of those two branches are naturally under the orders of the Director-General of Military Aeronautics, who is alone responsible to the War Minister. The former organization of the aerial forces is also being modified. At the present moment the avions and their pilots are dispersed among very numerous small aviation stations, many of which are to be suppressed. They will be replaced by a certain limited number of great aviation centres or aviation camps, each having a vast aerodrome for the evolutions of the aerial craft and for the

instruction of apprentice military aviation pilots. It is believed no serious inconvenience will result from that arrangement, because with their rapidity of flight the avions will always be able to reach in useful time the places where their services may be required. Moreover, amongst the other advantages offered by the system are the reduction of the general expenses, and above all the possibility of enforcing discipline. Grouped in veritable regiments, the aviation troops will for the future be subject to the general rules of military discipline, and administered in the same manner as the units of the other arms by a special personnel. The workshops annexed to those great aviation centres are to be provided with all the machinery, tools, and raw materials required for the rapid execution of the repair of avions and also of their motors.

Considerable feeling, not to say alarm, was created some weeks ago among the aeroplane constructors by the report that the War Department had decided to unify its avions and to build them itself. If the Government really undertook that task the French Fifth Arm would very quickly lose the place it still holds at the head of the aerial fleets of European States. The aeroplane has not yet been brought to such perfection that it is possible for any Government to adopt one type of avion to the exclusion of all others. Moreover, the Fifth Arm must always comprise one, two, three, four, and perhaps five types of machines, each better suited than the others for the particular service it will be destined to perform. To deprive the French aeroplane constructors of the State orders on which the vast majority of them depend for their existence would, at least, most seriously impede the progress of aerial science. The improbability of there being much truth in the report is

therefore evident, though it is known the War Department favors the idea of considerably reducing the number of types of avions it will employ. The advisability of doing so cannot be contested, because the State has at various times purchased aeroplanes which are so defective that they cannot be utilized. With the alleged object of reducing the number of military types of avions to a minimum, the War Department has adopted a new type of aeroplane recently invented by a military officer, who is to construct ten trial machines. It is believed that in the case of their proving as efficient as the inventor says they will be, the State will purchase the invention and build the machines.

However, that would not entail the suppression of Government orders to civil aeroplane constructors, who, in compliance with the wish expressed several months ago, have already built or are building sample armor-plated avions. Those armor-plated machines may be divided into three categories:—

- 1st. Armor-plated monoplanes, or small portable biplanes, for artillery or cavalry scouting, and for short exploring expeditions, having a speed of about 75 miles an hour.
- 2nd. Armor-plated biplanes, for Staff scouting, with a minimum speed of 62 miles an hour.
- 3rd. Armor-plated fighting avions, armed with quick-firing guns, or capable of carrying large quantities of explosives. The speed of those destined to pursue hostile avions and steerable balloons should be 75 miles an hour, whereas that of the heavier description might be reduced to 62 miles an hour.

The reason for this projected armor plating of all military avions is that the experiments made at Toulon, and the experience of the employment of aeroplanes during the Balkan wars, prove that at a lower altitude than

1000 or 1200 metres (3280 or 3936 feet) the flying machine and its occupants are dangerously exposed to rifle and artillery fire from the earth, and that for a military observer to make correct and precise observations with the naked eye the altitude must not exceed 600 or 800 metres (1986 or 2625 feet). The military observer using strong field-glasses can, however, do useful work at a much greater altitude, where he would be beyond the range of rifle and artillery fire from the land below.

The first real trials with a fighting aeroplane were made at Camp de Chalons last September. The Henry Farman biplane used on that occasion was armed with a Hotchkiss quick-firing gun, having a useful range of 4000 metres. It carried into the air 1000 ball-cartridges. For these trials the wings of an old Antoinette monoplane had been placed at 45 degrees on the top of an embankment thrown up behind the targets of a shooting range. The firing with isolated shots commenced at a distance of 4000 metres, but when the attacking aeroplane had come within 2000 metres of its target the firing was made automatic. To be able to aim effectually the aeroplane had to be kept at no greater height than about 32 feet above the ground. The monoplane was literally riddled with bullets. In fact it was calculated that 80 per cent of the projectiles fired took effect. The fact that the Antoinette monoplane was stationary does not deprive those trials of any of their importance, because in the case of an armed aeroplane pursuing an avion, flying in front of it, at about the same speed, the target offered by the fleeing aeroplane would be virtually stationary in relation to the pursuing avion. Further trials are to be made with targets suspended from balloons or hung from kites.

The experiments of bomb-dropping were not less successful. In the competition for the Michelin Aero-target prizes controlled by the military authorities, Lieutenant Varcin, piloting a Maurice Farman military biplane, gained the £2000 prize for bomb-dropping from the height of 200 metres (656 feet). Having in accord with the regulations carried into the air 15 bombs, each weighing 7 kilogrammes 100 grammes (about 15½ lb.), he dropped 13 of them on the target of 20 metres (65 feet) diameter. The first prize of £600 for dropping bombs from the altitude of 1000 metres (3280 feet) on a circular target having a diameter of 25 metres (82 feet), was won by the civil pilot Fourny, accompanied by Lieutenant Desmoulin on a Maurice Farman biplane of the military type. Being permitted by the regulations to carry on his machine only 5 bombs, each, however, weighing 22 kilogrammes (about 48½ lb.), he succeeded in dropping two of them on the target. The second prize of £200 was awarded to Gaubert, another civil aviator, who, also piloting a Maurice Farman biplane, hit the target once. It is important to note that, though the other bombs dropped by Fourny and Gaubert failed to hit the target, the greatest distance between the spots on which they fell and its circumference was only 5 metres (16 feet 5 inches).

In presence of the activity with
Blackwood's Magazine.

which aerial armaments are being pursued in all European States, and especially in Germany, the *entente cordiale* with France acquires considerably increased value for Great Britain. In a comparatively short time the German Government, backed by the whole of the German nation, will have created a formidable fleet of aerial Dreadnoughts and sufficiently numerous squadrons of aeroplanes and hydro-avions to play a most active part in case of war. It is needless to repeat what has been already said in "Maga" on more than one previous occasion concerning the danger which must result for England from the existence of a powerful aerial fleet in Germany. Nevertheless it is permissible to point out once more the necessity of providing adequate aerial forces to repel the attack of hostile aerial forces, because, if not effectually opposed, the damage they could do to the British ports, arsenals, towns, cities, shipping, &c., would be incalculable. In that case the assistance France could lend in the shape of aerial craft would be at least of as great importance for England as the aid Great Britain could furnish the Republic by despatching a army corps to co-operate with the French in repelling a German invasion. In any case, there is no longer any doubt that Great Britain must not count exclusively on her superiority at sea to preserve the advantages of her insular position.

T. F. Farman.

PSYCHOLOGY IN THE CONCRETE.*

The psychological novel is often objected to on the grounds that it involves so much introspection. It proceeds from introspection and, what is worse, provokes it. Now introspection

is by many held to feed the maladies it may diagnose (for to dwell upon what is a psychic habit does of itself intensify and establish it), or, even more often, to destroy the personality. For, once we have noticed our component Jekyll and Hyde, we somehow

* L'Homme de Désir: R. Valléry-Radot. Jean-Christophe: Romain Rolland. Sinister Street, I: Compton Mackenzie.

develop a third ulterior self, which sits at a little distance—a sort of Sophocles at the Aristophanean contest of Æschylus and Euripides—and aloofly watches the good and bad selves perform their antics. We wonder with interest what we are going to do next; our behavior is as good to us as a play: we derive critical satisfaction when, after some action of ours, we can say to ourselves, "I told you so!" or, again, "Who would ever have expected it?" In either case, the governing self has abdicated: in moments of higher vitality, our co-existing selves are in simultaneous but anarchical commotion; when life flags, soul-states follow one another in fatal succession.

Even if the soul-study which alone makes such novels possible be not turned inward, at least one may urge that it takes unwarrantable liberties with the student's fellowmen. He will tend to regard them as cases, and to take a subtle, yet all but sensual pleasure in their spiritual dissection. Our national temperament resents that, or used to resent it, furiously. We probably all know our exasperation in presence of the soul-searcher by profession, and how we instinctively adopt any mask to protect ourselves against his being able to assure us, gleefully impertinent, that he has "read us like a book." Probably in any man's soul there are shrines, or dungeons, of which the door had better not be forced, even by himself, whether they be locked by the key of David, which shutteth and no man openeth or by some Bluebeard's key.

Be all that as it may, once the spiritual diagnosis has been completed, no human document can be more enthralling. I imagine that is why we can scarcely sympathize with those critics of modern biographies—of cardinal Vaughan's, for instance, and to some degree, of Cardinal Newman's

—who say they are not reticent enough. Reticence, indeed, has never been a characteristic of hagiography; and the least reticent of autobiographies have been written at the command of confessors. There are, too, the cynics and the unashamed: Augustine at one end finds himself balanced by Rousseau at the other, and by *De Profundis* and by Strindberg.

Of marvellously accurate and subtle studies concerning more ordinary types, none have so thoroughly fascinated the present writer, of late, as *Jean-Christophe*, by M. Romain Rolland, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street*. With these I should couple *L'Homme de Désir*, by M. Robert Valléry-Radot. M. Valléry Radot is one of that group of French Catholics whose names are of constant recurrence in the *Cahiers de l'Amitié de France*, and who are famous for their conscious, active, and creative Catholicism. Péguy, Claudel and Jammes are among their most often quoted protagonists. All their *idées directrices* are to be found incarnate in this "man of desires" who passes from the service of the senses and of the intellect to that of God's altar and God's poor. In fact, in this short book is to be found a genuine revelation of the psychology of this new group of Catholic and, as I said, creative Frenchmen. There is their extreme modernity (Æschylus, Goethe, Baudelaire; Catherine of Siena, Angela of Foligno, Tauler; Wilde, Meredith and Nietzsche color the hero's earlier reading!) coupled with their entire aloofness from the component problems of modernism. As a matter of fact, they have left that far behind them: it proved useless, and is done with. There is, too, their taste for action, education of the will, downright athletics. Also their soaring mysticism, their Franciscanism. Above all, there is the way

of the Cross—the chastening of the body, the orthodoxy of intellect, in the interests of the sweeter beauty, the profounder truth and liberty. Now this book must have been the product of a strangely acute self-consciousness. But without it, we should lack a uniquely consoling document concerning religion in modern France.

Jean-Christophe is, I suppose, the only work of M. Romain Rolland which has conquered an English public. This fact has been laughed at in France. French critics have, of course, in the main applauded the novel to the skies; some, however, have not only decried its certainly heroic measurements (it is in ten volumes: what would Mr. Mackenzie's critics have said to that?), and rebuked its repetitions, its amorphous masses; but have seen in it a pretension so to group an epoch around the life of an individual as to bring the reader, by contact with him, into touch with every noteworthy force or factor in it. *Jean-Christophe* is really, they say, a book upon a country and its spirit. They laugh at Englishmen because they think we applaud the book under the impression we have gained, by reading it, an easy yet exhaustive insight into the French mentality. We believe all this is wrong. As I started by saying, it is the human interest which matters. "*Tout le reste n'est que littérature.*" Too long? Well, I welcomed each volume, separately and together. I read the first volume with delight, because I thought that never had I seen treated with such utter accuracy, and *from the inside*, the processes of an infant soul. I watched in ecstasy the gradual development of consciousness and interpretation in the baby Jean, and was in no slightest hurry that he should grow old. "*Les mois passent. . . .*" That is a formula warning me that we are rapidly leaving these exquisite scenes of childhood. I was happier when I

read: "*le vaste flot des jours se déroule lentement.*" That told me the author meant to linger. Some of the later books move, I own, but slowly. Alas, so do long arid tracts of life. Its inter-spaces, aftermaths, convalescences, all are slow. Yet they mean much and need long interpretation. Huysman's *La Cathédrale* is one long tedium: yet little indeed of it would I sacrifice. Amorphous? Well, God may geometrize; and doubtless life as a whole is rhythmical. But in the individual, tree or human body or human soul, the symmetry is disguised and final balance is won most by compensation. Granted, that if one man's life is to be made a vehicle for impressions relating to an entire state or period in all its parts, he must be placed in many artificial correlations. But let us not say that *Jean-Christophe's* admirers value him as they would an "outline" history of contemporary politics, literature, art and religion. For my part, little enough of the theory and thesis troubled me: undoubtedly I admired intensely the "excursus," for example, upon modern French music; doubtless I regretted the narrowed and twisted views, as they seemed to me, held by Jean Christophe on religion; but the human interest throughout was what captured me: I was in touch with people, and moved in no shadow-show. And after all, the atheist is as real as the idolater, the artist as the Philistine, and the fool as the serenest critic. I like them all. In *Jean-Christophe* I meet them.

They live, however, a life utterly remote from the normal English life. That normal English life, Mr. Mackenzie offers us, I do not say in his hero, but in his book. Like all these novels, *Sinister Street* has no plot.¹ Michael Fane is just born and grows

¹ I will say at once that though "*Sinister Street*" was tabooed by certain libraries on account of its length rather than its morals, I should not offer it to the inexperienced reader.

up till it is time for him to go to Oxford. We see him in his nursery, with his governesses, at his "dame's school," at "St. James's" in Hammersmith, and during variously spent holidays. In all this the sheer accuracy of the author's memory is nothing short of uncanny. Every tiniest detail of fact is exactly right, and every tiniest detail is present. That, and not slovenly writing, is what makes his book long. *Carnival* was shorter and less careful. He lingers, like Vergil, round each detail, *captus dulcedine*. And his conversations are as exact. "No one in England," a very independent critic lately said to me, "can write as boys talk. Except Fr. Garrold," he added. I do not think that Fr. Garrold is, in his very restricted sphere, beaten by Mr. Mackenzie; for Father Garrold, too, verges on the miraculous for truth of speech, imagination, and thought. But Mr. Mackenzie, who can deal with far more material, at least equals him. And he speaks not only with Michael's lips, and those of his boy friends, but with his sister Stella's. The six pages of conversation between Michael and Stella at Compiègne are, to my feeling, as perfect in comedy as well as in psychology as anything in English. I remember Richard Feverel, and Lucy, and Clare, and do not feel ashamed of my belief that this boy and girl scene among the bracken makes for laughter and for meditation and for melancholy as potently as any page of Meredith's masterpiece. If I speak mainly about Michael, it is not that I fail to observe those admirable pieces of feminine characterization, Stella and Mrs. Fane. Miss Carthew comes in third. But not alone is this author accurate as to fact, and in word, but as to the mentality which interprets the facts and seeks expression in the words. In this, certain critics would see his condemnation. The more truly he can

describe, they suggest, such a mentality, the less he ought to do so. Michael was a prig, and unhealthy-minded. A prig? well, what of it? So were all geniuses once upon a time. Indeed, so are all clever boys. We put up with their priggishness; they grow out of it. Far better that it should annoy us for a while, than that the qualities which it masks and yet expresses should be stifled by conventionalism. Disciplined, they are sure to be; and roughly. Michael had his discipline. Unhealthy? For my part, I should have thought Michael, with his home training or lack of it, and his school environment, was a singularly clean-minded boy. After the cave, he felt sick and faint. Brother Aloysius he loathed; the pseudo-Capuchin² and the faun-like men at Mr. Wilmot's had no power over him. His instincts, when confronted by Meats at Earl's Court, reveal themselves as sound. There is more unhealthiness, by far, to my thinking, in Mr. Lunn's *Harrocliana*, a cynical and dispiriting book. And after all, if Michael has his moods, what boy has not? Boyhood and adolescence are generally gusty times, when in the general hurricane a few fixed points, at most, can be held to. They are supplied, to a Catholic, by his dogma and his sacramental practice. It is amazing to the unprejudiced eye how conscience, instinct, and unreasoned tradition carry boys through, even unhelped by Catholic privileges. For the moods are there perforce. One

² For I assume the Capuchin was a masquerader. Could a genuine friar have offered the boy tea in his cell, have kept a stamp collection, and provided duplicates? Yet he intrigued me not a little, and I was positively haunted by the sore on his lip. . . . What does the scene stand for and symbolize? For what does it count in Michael's development? May it be indicative of his first encounter with the Catholic Church, which presents itself to his dormant soul merely as a negligible concomitant of stamps and tea? Or are we to regard the Capuchin as a foreshadowing of Aloysius, the puzzled Michael being as yet unable to see what all the fuss was about. . . . The sketch is so slight. I incline to think that the two mysticisms of heaven and of hell, to which I allude below, are here presented, as often they are found, in juxtaposition so close as to suggest real connection.

great authority puts it, in pleasant paradox, that all boys about fourteen are a little mad. Michael, I remember, thought this of himself. Anyhow, to have drawn with utter fidelity the swing of emotion, the unreasoning depression, the bursts of misery, ecstasy, brutality, and poetry, plunging upwards through the normal and commonplace, is splendid art.

If I dare say so, the most disquieting feature in Michael was that he felt intermittently so religious.

His first up-bringing was, no doubt, deplorable. His mother, poor lady, could scarcely do much for him, though she heard his prayers; his governesses, especially Mme. Flauve, did less. Neither the Calvinistic town church, where he could lick the varnish, and the poultice-handed curate fondled him, nor the ritualistic sea-side church, where the red-cassocked incense-boy put out his pious tongue at him, helped him one whit. Grown-up morality was delightfully unintelligible to him (p. 64). It was the *Ingolfsby Legends*, together with Christ Church Priory, which suddenly re-fired his brain with the romance of ritual. St. Bartholomew's, the "practically Roman Catholic" Bournemouth Church, welcomed his eager soul. All *Sinister Street* is to be taken seriously; most of all this High-Church period and its mystical sequel at Clere Abbas. *Sinister Street* is a religious document of the first quality. It may not be a book for young ladies, but it is emphatically a book for priests. Rarely anywhere have I seen even attempted this portrayal of the mystical *éclosion* in a boy's soul.³ Here too Mr. Mackenzie allows for brief moments the deeper sentiment to transpire the narrative; he all but pronounces a verdict, and a tender, humble verdict, upon the evidence. Not that for a moment he

³ But Mr. M. Carmichael's "Life of John William Walshe" has a wonderful chapter upon this, though the theme is not elaborated.

loses his sense of proportion or even comedy, witness the appalling ritualist young man, Mr. Prout. Still, during the Magnificat, Michael genuinely did "commune with the Saints of God." The boys' voices genuinely did express "the purity of his own surrender to Almighty God." But Mr. Prout had merely seen, with satisfaction, that the censuring of the altar had been all right. Michael meanwhile was mentally offering "the best of himself to the worship of Christ, for the words of the lesson were striking on his soul like bells . . . For the first time he sang the Nunc Dimittis with a sense of the privilege of personally addressing God," and, during the final space of silent prayer, "Michael said the Our Father to himself and allowed his whole being to expand in a warmth of surrender. The purification of sincere prayer, voiced rather by his attitude of mind than by any spoken word, made him infinitely at peace with life." An emotional morality descended upon him. "Under the influence of faith, Michael found himself bursting with an affection for his mother such as he had not felt for a long time."⁴ He went to confession with "truthfulness and pluck"; his sins "stabbed his self-consciousness with daggers of shame." Absolution was pronounced, "tranquil as evening bells. The essentials of his passionate religion faded away in the strength and beauty of God's acceptance of his penitence. Outside in the April sunlight Michael could have danced his exultation, before he ran home winged with the ecstasy of a light heart." Notice those words: "surrender," "personal," "sincere,"

⁴ Also he "was seized with a determination to suffer Stella's conceit gladly." Thus, too, M. Valéry-Radot notes in his *Augustin*, "en même temps je me rapprochais des miens; Sabine et Noémie me consultaient sur les dessins de leurs broderies . . . je les aidais à renouveler les fleurs dans les vases" (p. 169). It is interesting to note the rôle of music in these books. "Jean-Christophe" is the psychology of a musical genius; Stella shows the same; Wagner and Chopin symbolize the mentalities of Augustin and his sister respectively.

"truthfulness and pluck," "the essentials faded." Mr. Mackenzie means us to see that this was the genuine stuff of religion, despite the coefficient of sheer sentiment, and the excited and vulgar sequel of ritualistic business. From this the visit to the Anglican Benedictines rescues him. On his way, he still discusses heresy and mysticism with his friend Chator: his room at home is still one bazaar of images; but when, over the downs, he hears the Angelus, "perhaps for the first time Michael half realized the mysterious condescension of God." He felt himself converted: "not to anything. Only different from what I was. . . . I felt a sudden feeling of being frightfully alive." The boy marked the place with a stone, a new Beth-El. Almost immediately after this, Chator prophesied that Michael would end as an Agnostic; and indeed, even through the mystical hours of retreat, still more, when galled by ritualistic prattle, Michael retained his love of shocking the conventionalists. It is true that a phase of Swinburne followed straight upon the empty reaction-period after these experiences; and then, shall I say, a Verlaine period; Michael caught the decadent pose badly, though his personality remained wholesome. But the pious statuettes were superseded, and his exotic room is described with delicious comedy. That phase passed too. The Boer War broke out: deaths at the front brought disillusionment; patriotism, religion, ideal generally, went by the board. The sceptical and blasé period succeeded, till he could say, "I can't believe in God, until I can believe in myself. And how can I believe in myself yet?" I need not linger over what complacent seniors call his "calf loves," which carried him through the few terms left to him at St. James's. They were valuable, for they completed his disbelief in the false self or

selves; and that is the necessary preliminary to the creation of a new and truer self, worthy to be believed in, being made in the image of God.

At this point I am forced to ask myself, without waiting for volume II., what became of Michael? Mr. Mackenzie gives us a hint. Michael is to go, the dedication tells us, first to Oxford, and then to some scene in which his "romantic education" shall be completed. But Oxford the author entitles "Dreaming Spires"; and I want to know if I am wrong in fancying that this portends a period of repose and taking breath, like the long gray convalescence of *La Cathédrale* consequent upon Durtal's sojourn in the inferno of *Là-bas*, and upon the spiritual cataclysms of *En Route*. Certainly Michael needs this. He had received as much vital stimulus as any boy can stand. If he was not utterly to overgrow his strength, he needed cerebral quiet, a respite from experiment and emotion. I should like to see him quietly bracing himself with Aristotle, and purifying his soul with Plato and Sophocles, and establishing himself on the world's historical foundations, and all this unconsciously; praying just a little, and when he can, and this too almost unconsciously. Thus he will be rested and fortified to face the waking life when he goes down.

Where will he find his *éducation sentimentale*? I want to argue, in *Seven Sisters' Road*. At least beneath that symbol its topography can stand. Michael, I believe, was incurably spiritual and a frank mystic. The lucid interspace of Oxford will have lulled this part of him, only that it might gain new power to act. Now, "the mystic," Mr. Symons (as Francis Thompson's biographer reminds us) wrote, "has nothing in common with the moralist." A wiser word is, that "mysticism is morality carried to the

nth power." So indeed it is, for those strong souls who can submit to the guidance of the mother of true mystics, the Church, who is the plenitude of Christ. But Michael was alone, save for the tugging forces within him, and nothing would surprise me less than that he should some day seek as it were an inverted mysticism in the church of Satan. After all, the stars are reflected in the gutter, and it will be these he is pursuing.* And above the façades of the sordid street the spires still peer. I remember once suggesting to a wise person that the spirituality of Beardsley's more diabolic drawings was the best argument of his capacity for Catholic sainthood. I was told that no doubt I held vice to be identical with virtue. Well, we need not go to ancient Syria or modern India to observe the alliance between soul-ecstasy and sense-delirium. Once the artificial crust of personality has been volcanically broken through, fierce flame and refuse shoot upward side by side. But the one falls back, the other soars to join the stars. I should feel myself fantastic were I to insist on the possibility of Mr. Mackenzie's *Grey Eyes and Blue Eyes* chapters being each an allegory, though part of the piquancy of this realistic book is that general ideas lurk in the incidents and each episode is symbolic. But are not the blue eyes—even those of that pagan genius, Stella—typical of the elusive, undisciplined, and uncapturable? of the elfish, the more than half unreal? What lasts, is the "classic," the principled, the dogmatic: cold at times; even chilling, once: but reliable, truthful, and ultimate? We are assured that the "classical," in Michael's case, is to conquer. But where shall he find its full incarnation?

I trust I shall not seem to be speak-

* So, once more, "L'Homme de Desir." "Et range et sombre idolatrie! C'était en vous cherchant, Seigneur, qu'elle m'était apparue," p. 57.

ing merely to my book if I emphatically say, *not* in Clere Abbas. Be the Roman system right or wrong, the English imitation is undoubtedly just an imitation, and no real thing. Michael had a soul which, whatever its destiny, could not put up with imitation work. He might grow to feel, at the end of illusion upon illusion dissipated, that there was no reality; but he would not at the end accept as reality what was no such thing. Father Viner and the Abbot are both of them true to life; remorselessly so, in fact. The Abbot's letter and Fr. Viner's conversation, prove how utterly inadequate their method would be in dealing with a restless and sincere soul like Michael's, "out for" life, and the real. Should he end in any institution whatsoever, it must not, emphatically not, be at one of those havens of his outgrown boyhood, save, perchance, for a briefest spell. We cannot have him disillusioned again, and once more lost on the wind-swept seas. But the peace which must in the long run visit his established soul will be an active and ever developing state. Within the system and the institution, no shackles will be put upon the thrust and effort of the soul. Even nature will be left to him, as God's garment, not His veil nor shroud. There is only one place among us where obedience is thus liberty, and submission life. Thither should he turn, crying aloud, even as Newman's convert, as he tramped through the storm, kept crying, he knew not why, "O Mother, O Mighty Mother!"

I trust it will not be thought *Sinister Street* is warp and woof composed of moral problems and religious crises. Nothing of the sort. The incident is rapid, hilarious, whimsical; the characterization strong and varied; in many a paragraph one is reminded of that, in one's own life, which had seemed to have sunk for ever below

the consciousness. Because Michael is at once so rich within himself and so typical, because his career will be that of so many of our own and the

The Dublin Review.

coming generation, we have felt acutely the pages of this first volume, and wait eagerly, if rather anxiously, for the second.

C. C. Martindale.

THE TILERIES STACK.

CHAPTER I.

Jimmie Bishop's appearance in Hen Lane this May evening would have been a puzzle to certain Bidston minds, except on the one assumption that he had given up that London actress with whom he was now said to be in love, and had ascertained from Mary Ridley that she was willing to content herself with as much of his heart as the actress had left undamaged. Even then it argued him a bolder fellow than he was reckoned to be by Bidston folk who had known him as growing boy and young man. He might be making his fortune in London with—of all incredible tools!—his pen, and Mary might be as forgiving as the most exemplary of Christians; but what about Mary's father, Phineas?

Old Phineas the chimney-jack was a hard nut. More than twice in the last few months he had voiced his intentions, in the "Tilers' Arms" and other free-speaking spots, of running up to London by a half-day excursion, and killing, or half-killing, Jimmie. This done, he would be back in Hen Lane at 4 A.M. the next morning, a satisfied father—and dash the consequences! There would not be much left in Mr. James Bishop for simple Bidston to exult about when he (Phineas) had done with him. That Gaiety Theatre dancing-wench, or whatever she was, would never, after his interview with Phineas's fists, want to kiss him again. And as for his brains—if they were the part of him responsible for his printed tales—their sense, if not their substance,

would be knocked silly for a long while to come. A little, sallow-faced whelp like Jimmie Bishop play the butterfly with his Mary's heart! Not much. Indeed, not at all, without suffering warmly for it. Jimmie Bishop, only son of the late Squint Bishop, a humble Bidston grocer with uncertain eyes, who had died bankrupt; and himself only a pound-a-week reporter on the *Bidston News* until his impudence and conceit egged him to London, where the devil had since prospered him!

Such was big Phineas's rating of the young man who proceeded, with a costly-looking small Gladstone bag in one hand and a new book in the other, from the Bidston railway station this agreeable May evening, and after a smiling "How do, old chap?" to this and that tradesman at the shop doors in the main street—there was nothing doing at that hour—reached the Chormley Arms Hotel, and went up its five broad steps with the ease of a first-class "commercial."

He carried himself and glanced about him as if it were a sort of private triumphal progress in his native place. But he stopped to *talk* to no one. His "How do's?" were shed like royal favors. It was evidently just the same to him whether or not his saluted fellow-townsmen saluted in return.

His passing was almost an excitement in two or three quarters. For instance, there was Mr. Perry, the tailor. In his "newspaper" days Jimmie had composed several quite

original "front page" advertisements for Mr. Perry, who now, having sighted him from his window, ran to his door and cried, "It's never you, Mr. Bishop, is it?" Jimmie waved his book, but answered the question no further.

Thereupon Mr. Perry turned and met the scornful stare of Mr. Griffin, the provision merchant. Mr. Griffin's prompt shoulder-shrugs were as effective as an invitation, and Mr. Perry joined him to exchange a few words.

"All there—that bounder!" commented Mr. Griffin sourly.

"What did he say to you?" asked Mr. Perry with friendly eagerness.

"He said, 'Well, Griffin, how are you?' as if—took me in his stride—as if his miserable father hadn't welshed me out of thirty-five pounds odd. Confound his swank! Must be doing well for himself, if appearances count."

"Just what I was thinking, Mr. Griffin," said the tailor. "He's a snip of real Bond Street, from my point of view. Did you see the color of his hat? Purple beaver! Some style about that. Fortune's wheel's an astonishing thing. I always thought him a clever chap. But I must be getting back."

Mr. Perry had glimpses of possible profit from Jimmie. On the other hand, Mr. Griffin had none. But before the tailor was again by his window-pane fashion-plates Jimmie was disappearing under the colonnaded portico of Bidston's chief hotel, with Lord Chormley's heraldic arms in dusky scarlet and gold above it.

There was nothing in the least like "swank" about his behavior in the hotel vestibule. "I suppose I can be accommodated for the night?" he said in a plain, matter-of-fact way to the young lady official; and a maid was at once summoned to show him a first-floor room. It was a top-price

room, furnished with every reasonable provincial luxury, and he took this also in his stride.

"It will do admirably, thank you, if the bed's a spring, as no doubt it is," he said when the maid tarried as if for a remark. "Dinner at seven, please."

Then, however, he made a discovery.

"Be blessed," he exclaimed to the dimpling girl, "if it's not Minnie Dart! Here, shake, Minnie! Up to *this* healthy sort of athletic exercise nowadays, are you?"

As mites these two had attended the same Church school of St. Stephen in Pigeon Street, played in the street together, contrasted chilblains and parents. Little more than this, but such memories cling.

"I'd not have known you but for your voice," said the girl, evidently appreciating his graciousness.

"Not?" said he. "Oh, that's rubbish! I'm not so changed, am I?"

"You're as different as light from dark, except your voice," she replied.

"Does that mean as different as good and as bad? I hope you don't mean that, Minnie. Let's look at myself."

He gave the chambermaid's hand a parting squeeze and turned with a laugh to the dressing-table. But instead of viewing his own face and its perhaps most striking decoration—a shapely brown moustache with soaring ends—he gazed through the window, and exclaimed, "Hello! what are they doing to the Tileries stack?"

Straight in front of him, a needle of brick and stone, with a gossamer frill of sticks at the summit, lifted some two hundred feet of its height above the opposite housetops about half a mile away. But for his rather absorbing emotions he could scarcely have missed noticing it in his walk from the railway station. It was a Bidston landmark for miles.

"They're repairing it," the girl told him. Then a bell rang. "And that's for me. I must go."

"Just a moment!" he said, with an imperative note and a sudden air to match. "How's every one? The Ridleys—are they all right?"

"I believe so, sir," replied the girl, in her best chambermaid manner.

But Jimmie laughed at this also. "Hang your 'sirs'!" he said. "It's Mr. Ridley's job, I suppose, up there? My word! it must require some nerves. And yet— Look here, Minnie, has anything been happening to them in Hen Lane?"

"Not that I know of," answered the girl. But a second ring of the bell hurried her to the door. "I shall get into trouble with Miss Lester. Dinner at seven, I think you said?"

"Seven or eight, I don't care which. Say half-past seven."

She nodded playfully and left him.

Alone, he consulted his watch, tossed the things out of his bag on to the bed, and began to pace the room. He made several turns up and down, frowning, but with interested eyes for the tall chimney whenever he turned in that direction. Then he stopped and wrote rapidly in a notebook; after which he made his toilet and went downstairs.

As it chanced, he was the only guest in the hotel that evening; but he was glad of it, and made more notes in his book between the soup and the fish, and the fish and the chops.

He was engaged with the chops when a black-bearded face peeped into the room, and then he was greeted, with contemplative mien, by Mr. Westcott, the sub-editor of the Bidston newspaper.

"I heard you were down, Bishop," said Mr. Westcott. "You are looking well. I'm glad to see you again."

Jimmie reciprocated the gladness,

and hoped his old chief would join him at table.

But Mr. Westcott could not do that.

"A couple of minutes' feast of the eyes is all the indulgence I can give myself to-night," he said. "To-morrow, perhaps, you will help us to a column or so for Saturday about a certain talented and rising young townsman. You're a scoop, Bishop, that we cannot afford to overlook."

"Oh," said Jimmie lightly, with a comely blush, "that's all bosh, Mr. Westcott. Besides, I'd rather not. I'm not at all a big gun yet. My stuff sells well enough, but it's got to be heaps better before I've any claim to a pedestal. You must let me off that, please. Do have a glass of wine or something."

"Nothing, thank you." The sub-editor put up his pince-nez. "Excuse me, I want to have a better look at you. So you are not in Bidston for homage, admiration, and the round-eyed gaze of respectful envy! What, then, Bishop?"

They smiled together. A year ago Mr. Westcott's habitual verbosity and dryness had seemed to Jimmie a fairly choice brand of humor. He didn't think much of it now.

"I want to freshen my local color for a story, that's all," he said. "I'm returning to town to-morrow."

"Indeed! Is that your programme, then?"

"It's the main item—yes."

"The main item, Bishop!" The sub-editor rose with a grave expression. "You're not married, are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Married, sir? Heaven forbid!" said Jimmie. But he colored guiltily now. He saw what his old chief was driving at. Mr. Westcott was deacon of the Hen Lane chapel, to which the Ridleys belonged.

"Well, my boy?" Mr. Westcott said, gently prompting, yet with a certain

judicial look in the eyes, as if he had a right to be inquisitorial. He also laid a firm, almost as it were fatherly, hand upon Jimmie's shoulder.

"Well what?" muttered Jimmie, fidgeting under the pressure.

"What about Miss Ridley, Bishop?"

"Oh," said Jimmie, seeming slightly annoyed, "that's all over! I wrote and explained to her in November. I— See here, Mr. Westcott, you know as well as I do what a jealous old god literature is. Art and literature—they're both in the same stall. You've got to give your life-blood to them if you mean to do anything worth doing. Greedy gods, both of 'em!" He seemed relieved after this little speech.

"You wrote to her in that strain?" suggested Mr. Westcott incredulously.

"More or less. I felt I had to, you know. She was quite reasonable about it."

"She would be," said Mr. Westcott very dryly. "Poor fellow! If that's your attitude towards life and a most exceptional girl, you have my sympathy. I presume your stage friend has got you fettered fast, eh?"

"Fettered fast!" cried Jimmie. "My dear sir, nothing of the kind. I hope I'm consistent, whatever else I may be that's not so grand. Kitty Wing—that's her home name—she and I have each other's measure to the very barley-corn. She's just fodder for my inkpot, and knows it. She has no delusions in the matter. I give her a good time when she's on a loose end, and it's convenient to me, and she tells me some of the tricks of her trade for my pen's use. She's capital experience, and not particularly expensive. Now you see, I hope, sir?"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Westcott. He walked jerkily to the sideboard. "As far gone as that, are you, Bishop?"

"Far gone! What on earth do you

mean? We've both got level heads, that's all about it. She's as decent a lassie as you could find."

But Mr. Westcott didn't wait for his testimonial about the London Kitty. "I repeat that I'm sorry for you, Bishop," he said, taking his hat. "All I will add is—mind what you are about in Bidston. We're ordinary human beings here still, most of us, and I wouldn't be in your shoes for a trifle if they take you within reach of Mr. Ridley's hand. But I don't suppose they will. Good-night."

Jimmie started to his feet and flushed violently this time. "I say, Mr. Westcott!" he cried, as the sub-editor left the room. And then, "Oh, very well, very well! See you tomorrow, I dare say. Old Puritan!" he muttered, smiling uneasily, and returned to his dinner.

But the "old Puritan" had given him food for reflection of more importance than the spoon-meat before him, and he was immediately busy with it.

A clock in the room told him that it was past eight, and he remembered that it was Thursday, and that from Mary's childhood she and her mother had attended the Thursday evening service at the Hen Lane chapel, whose ugly five-windowed face sealed the south end of the street like a dead-wall. A vision of Phineas Ridley also came to him—the sandy-headed giant whose chin-beard, rough tongue, and habitual scowl he had already used with good dramatic effect in two or three of his stories. Imposing raw human material, this Phineas, when regarded artistically and from a distance. But although he believed he could afford to scoff at Mr. Westcott's warning of personal danger in that quarter, he had no desire to meet Mary's father in the flesh. He entertained the vision very briefly therefore.

But Mary and her mother were dif-

ferent; and, as the upshot of his reflections about them, he declined the pudding course of his dinner and left the hotel hastily. A ruddy sunset was in progress outside; it suffused the unbeautiful little town with a romantic glow; also, it charmed Jimmie like a happy inspiration—especially at the Prince Street crossing, which showed him Rutton Ridge in the west and the Rutton Colliery's surface gear as if it were trying partially to eclipse the upper half of the red sinking sun.

"That's clipping!" he whispered, and stood at the crossway until the sun had gone.

A little more and he reached the chapel at the time of the final hymn.

It was an ordeal to pass the Ridleys' house in the street. He realized this to the full only when he had got by without any sudden opening of its door or other startling incident. But the ordeal over, he smiled confidently.

He told himself that he was a fanciful idiot. Mary's influence over her father was nothing less than marvellous, and of course she had applied it to the old chap as soothing balm. She had been so splendidly sensible in the matter of the November letter that Jimmie couldn't doubt her rare mind had worked likewise in her small home circle. He had asked for a postcard only of reply to his well-considered statement of the hard truth about the literary career—the jealous god idea was ripe in him even then; and her tranquil one line, "It shall be as you wish, Jimmie," was an immense encouragement to him then and thenceforward. She was a girl in a thousand, and a daughter in a million for a father like hers. Whatever Mr. Ridley might think about him, he wouldn't dare to do anything to vex Mary.

As for Mrs. Ridley, Jimmie had wasted few thoughts upon her. Mary was the star and joy, and—in every-

thing outside her kitchen and the chapel—the trusted guide, of her aging life.

A narrow lane diverged between walls to the right of the chapel, and here he smoked a cigarette until the congregation came out.

He felt fairly comfortable in himself; eager, but not too eager, for Mary's pretty face, and reliant upon her established good sense to begin and end the meeting pleasantly for them both. Again, the mother didn't count. She was not refined, like Mary; but though she would probably show some perplexity about the situation, a reproachful word or two were the worst he expected of her.

But he was wrong about the mother.

A stampede of boys and girls from the chapel drew him towards it. Thirty or forty commonplace adults in old-fashioned clothes followed, and then Mary and her mother. They were in deathly black from hat and bonnet downwards, and Jimmie's feelings were still so well under control that he could wonder what the black meant even while struck by Mary's beauty in association with it.

The mother saw him first. Mary was saying a smiling something to a neighbor woman, when Mrs. Ridley plucked at her arm. Jimmie raised his purple hat, and then they met in the press at the foot of the steps.

Not a word from Mary at first. A little bloom in her rather pale cheeks, just the smile of perfect trust and understanding he could have wished for, and a warm answering grip of his hand.

No excitement in either of them. A contented little nod—two or three nods—from Mary, as if she liked the look of him. And Jimmie evidently well pleased thus to see again his best friend in the world. He had told her in the letter that he hoped they would always be this to each other, "first-rate pals, best friends," &c.

But Mrs. Ridley's excitement was unrestrained. She cried, "Bless us all!" and "Well, I declare!" fervently, before Jimmie gave her any attention; and burst into a "Lor' sakes, Jimmie lad! it's a treat to see you again like this!" when he turned to her. She fumbled with his hand, and patted it, and reddened like the setting sun.

Jimmie's "Well, Mrs. Ridley, delighted to see you looking so fit!" came with an effort.

Then Mary spoke and took control of things. "Let's get out of this," she said quietly, and led the way through the little throng of deeply concerned fellow-worshippers.

Jimmie and Mrs. Ridley followed, Mrs. Ridley continuing to hold him captive. The old lady's tenacity made him laugh at length. Even at such a time his artistic side could assert itself, and he saw the joke of her public treatment of him as it might appear to a stranger.

But this state of mind soon ended. Before they were free of the others, Mrs. Ridley was hailing him as a direct heavenly answer to prayer. "I knowed you'd come, Jimmie. I axed for you on my knees in the second prayer, and I could have sworn I saw your poor mother Emma's face with my eyes shut. 'It'll be all right now, Jane,' her said, or as good as said, with a happy smile. 'The money'll put 'em both right. Don't you worrit yourself about things any more, Jane.' That was what!"

And then Mary intervened again. She had fallen back to them, and from Jimmie's other side shared with him this much of the old lady's artless prattle.

"Mother, don't be so *soft*!" she said forcibly, with a confidential smile for Jimmie as she bent and spoke across him. "Money's nothing to him.—Is it, Jimmie?"

"What's the matter? What has hap-

pened?" asked Jimmie awkwardly. He felt anything but comfortable now. Mary's charm was beginning to work in him as of old. And, on the other hand, every step took them nearer to Mary's home, which he did not propose to enter. Mrs. Ridley's appeal to his curiosity, though strong at the time, was now of secondary importance.

Another moment and he felt something else—Mary's hand on his arm. "Leave him to me, mother," she said, checking a third explosion from the old lady.—"You won't care to come in, I expect, Jimmie, because father's there. But we might walk on a little way together."

Weakness and confusion possessed him from head to foot in that moment. Mary's eyes were like smiling stars. Their serenity and beauty were not to be borne. He couldn't meet them. "I'd better not," he whispered. "It was just a sort of impulse, my coming down. Well, partly, I mean. I didn't mean to call. I only wanted to know how you were."

But this was too much for the old lady.

"What!" she boomed, wagging her bonnet indignantly; "come to Bidston and not come to see us? Did you ever hear of such a thing? You ought to be ashamed to confess it, Jimmie Bishop." She beamed again. "But he don't know about your poor Uncle Silas, my dear, do he? Come along in to supper, and no more nonsense," she added.

She waddled ahead of them; but, slipping her hand from Jimmie's arm, Mary caught her mother before she was at the door, and whispered earnestly to her. Only Mary's final words reached him: "And you are not to tell father that we have seen him; you are *not* to, mother—not yet."

She smiled at her mother's disappointed face, and next at Jimmie,

whose emotions were of a much more complex kind. "And go round to the back, there's a darling," she said. I'll not be more than a very few minutes. Say 'Good-night' to him, and be good, mother dear."

Mrs. Ridley obeyed sighingly. "It's no use talking, I suppose," she said, as if exhausted.—"Good-night, then, Jimmie; and be sure you come soon in the morning!"

His responsive "Good-night" was as cheerful as he could make it, but unworthy of the purple hat he raised to the old lady.

And then he found himself as completely under Mary's control as the old lady herself.

"Now, Jimmie!" she said, with a compelling side-smile. "It is nice to see you again. Such a swell you are, too! But never mind that. I want to tell you about Uncle Silas. He died suddenly on Tuesday!"

"Did he?" babbled Jimmie. He had already wished, and stifled the wish, that she would take his arm as before. He knew nothing about Phineas Ridley's brother Silas of Cinderbank except that he was a curmudgeonly old bachelor and tinware manufacturer in a small way.

"Yes; and father says he has left all his money to me. It's thousands of pounds, father says; and they both think that just because of this"—She paused and seemed quite satisfied by his distressed stare at her. "But you mustn't mind!" she continued soothingly. "One has to remember that they belong to a different generation from ours, don't they—father and mother? You wouldn't believe how the thought of it has changed even dad about you. You ought to feel

ever so proud, Jimmie; though I don't suppose you do. I've let them just think what they please so far; but—meeting you like that *was* so strange!"

Jimmie gasped and then spoke with a great effort. "They thought because you've inherited some money"—

"Yes," she said, with a sweet and gentle smile. "Aren't they what you would call primitive? But you mustn't look so worried. I quite understand, and I admire you for it, Jimmie. It must be grand to love your work like that. Well, good-night, dear. That's all I wanted to say."

She left him abruptly. And having looked after her until she had vanished into the early dusk of the street, he turned towards the hotel with his various disgusts and excitements.

But in fact it was as dark as a starlit night could be when he reached the "Chormley Arms." He wandered off down a side-street, and so into a road between pit-banks, and walked miles before his workaday senses urged him to the right-about. And they had all gone to bed except the boots when he rang the hotel bell for admission.

"Sorry I'm so late," he said.

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Bishop!" retorted the boots cordially. "I was reading one of your short tales, sir, that Miss Dart lent me—a ripper! I began to wonder, though. I didn't know what to think about you, sir."

Jimmie took the candle that was ready for him, and laughed rather harshly. "Nor I, for the matter of that," he remarked.

And so to bed, with a continuing uncertainty on the subject.

C. Edwardes.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain will not again seek Parliamentary election. As in an electric flash, the announcement threw his personality and all for which it has stood, into sharp relief against the drab background of party strife. No one who takes a leading hand in the business of politics to-day carries the weight he carried; Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. F. E. Smith, and Mr. Walter Long command ready loyalty and admiration, but they are gallant and devoted successors in championing the Cause Mr. Chamberlain made his own. He was the first of party leaders to stake his all on the question of an Imperial unity buttressed by preferential tariffs. Many politicians and some statesmen had discussed it as an ideal and a wholly academic dream. Mr. Chamberlain brought it, with characteristic daring, into the region of practical politics, and it is a fairly safe prophecy that it will remain an essential part of a great party's programme till it is either embodied in the fiscal machinery of the Empire, or the Empire has been resolved into its elements. Mr. Chamberlain did not invent the policy of a British Imperial Zollverein. Fair Trade leagues and United Empire Trade leagues for twenty years or more had been preaching the economic gospel of Common Sense and Imperial solidarity; their spokesmen were regarded with contempt as reactionaries, or with kindly forbearance as mere visionaries. When one recalls the doings of such bodies as the Imperial Federation League, to which any suggestion of an Imperial tariff was anathema, and the United Empire Trade League, whose meetings and luncheons to colonial visitors hardly raised a ripple on the national waters; when one recalls the great

day in March, 1896, on which Mr. Chamberlain made his first tentative, but direct, reference to the possibility of a commercial union of the Empire and, as by the touch of the magician's wand, made it a live problem, one realizes what leadership means. Not till seven years after did Mr. Chamberlain, on another great day, make Tariff Reform the chief plank in the Unionist platform, with the approval of Mr. Arthur Balfour, then Prime Minister. There followed three years of splendid advocacy, and then came the illness, which has been nothing less than an Imperial tragedy. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law themselves would, I feel sure, be first to admit that the Tariff Reform campaign lost some of its momentum when Mr. Chamberlain's hand was removed. Mr. Balfour, however direct and precise his statement, has always been subject to the most ridiculous and wilful misunderstanding by opponents who persist in detecting subtleties and sophistries where none exist, simply because he happens to be the philosopher of doubt. Mr. Bonar Law, with all his fine qualities and his mastery of Tariff Reform, lacks the long experience of Mr. Chamberlain in public affairs: a defect which every day helps to modify.

Not till what Lord Morley has described as "the sediment of party fanaticism" has settled, will the people of the British Empire see Mr. Chamberlain in his true proportions. Mr. Garvin, writing some years ago of Mr. Chamberlain's work,¹ said that "the world is always as reluctant to recognize the quality of greatness in any figure of real life as are newspapers to mention their contemporaries." The fact is that it was recognition of the quality of greatness in

¹ "National Review," August, 1907.

Mr. Chamberlain which secured him his bitterest enemies in a political sense, and, when his decision to retire was made known, called forth cordial tributes from friend and foe alike. For twenty years he was assailed by the Radical party with a rancour to be explained only by disappointed hopes. Mr. Chamberlain was beyond question the ablest man who ever entered public life as a convinced and pronounced Radical. If he had remained on the Radical side, Radicals know that the cleverest, clearest-headed, and most courageous of leaders would have added lustre and strength to whatever policy he chose to take up. To see precious gifts which, in their opinion, Nature intended for them, devoted to the service of the enemy, has been gall and wormwood. Proud to have him among our leaders as we have been, it might have been well for England and the Empire if he had found it possible to remain among his earliest political friends. The force of character, the insight, the refusal to accept any policy on the strength of a label, the initiative, the power of seeing things whole as well as in part, the patriotism which acts as a solvent on party prejudice, the recognition that the Empire is greater than the country, the country greater than the town, the town than the individual, and yet, withal, that the individual must be looked to if the nation and the Empire were to flourish—these qualities would have made the Radical party something very different from what it is. That Mr. Chamberlain was driven out has always seemed to me conclusive proof of the impossibility of reconciling Radicalism, as we know it, with the larger interests of an Empire. The secession from Gladstonism of a Hartington, even of a Henry James, is easily intelligible; but when one whose very instincts were Radical, as

Mr. Chamberlain's were, whose claim to preferment was established by dissent from every doctrine associated with Toryism, found the course set leading straight for rocks on which the kingdom would shatter, we may take it there was something very rotten in the state of the party. Mr. Chamberlain built up a great business and metamorphosed a municipality. What he did for Nettlefolds and Birmingham he was eager to do for the Radical party and the British Empire. Long before party necessities drove Mr. Gladstone into the arms of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Chamberlain favored some measure of Home Rule for Ireland, but there was no surrender to sedition. Mr. Gladstone could not understand, any more than his successors have understood, that party is not an end, but a means. To secure a party in office he was prepared, as they are, to sacrifice interests dear to every loyal and self-respecting citizen. When Mr. Gladstone agreed to Parnellite terms, after appealing to the country to place him in a position to ignore and override them, Mr. Chamberlain was not the only Minister to break away. Sir George Trevelyan and a goodly contingent of the rank and file went with him. Mr. Gladstone succeeded in cozening Sir George and a few others back without abandoning one iota of his treacherous schemes. Mr. Chamberlain was steadfast; neither flattery nor abuse could move him. Nothing but the abandonment of a policy which threatened ruin to the kingdom could have induced him to return. Sir William Harcourt, a very short time before Mr. Gladstone took Parnell to his heart, had bade the Tories stew in the Parnellite juice, and characterized the Irish party as marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain's refusal to change places with the wicked Tories—a change

which Sir William Harcourt found quite congenial when it promised a parliamentary majority—brought down upon his head a torrent of abuse, the like of which even Mr. Lloyd George has never experienced. And small wonder. Mr. Chamberlain's opposition to Home Rule meant that for seventeen out of twenty years the Radicals were to be out of office. Let the Tory party be duly grateful to Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule surrender. Without it, Mr. Chamberlain's co-operation and support would probably never have been Lord Salisbury's and Mr. Balfour's.

Astonishment, when in 1895 Mr. Chamberlain became Colonial Secretary in Lord Salisbury's Government, was hardly less complete than when, ten years before, he threw Mr. Gladstone over. Memory turned on speeches about lilies of the field and threats to lead rival hosts to mortal combat, and was shocked to find that a decade had so completely revolutionized mutual antipathies as to open the door for Mr. Chamberlain's entrance to a Cecil Cabinet. That apart, the Colonial portfolio was the last which it would have been thought Mr. Chamberlain would prefer. Speculation had run on the possibility of his taking various offices: the Home Office, the Foreign Office, any one save the Colonial. Mr. Chamberlain indeed had shown considerable interest in foreign affairs, and the tone of certain speeches a little later encouraged at once a fear and a belief that Lord Salisbury might be prepared to allow him to handle the always delicate reins of diplomacy. He could have had practically what he liked, and his choice of a portfolio hitherto considered of second-rate importance was disconcerting to the prophets. When, in the year 2014, some contributor to *The Fortnightly Review* is sizing up the forces which have accounted for the

lines along which the Empire developed, he will no doubt suggest for the benefit of his contemporaries that the appearance of Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office in 1895 marked as definite a stage in our Imperial history as the assumption of control by the elder Pitt in 1757. Pitt from London directed forces West and East and South which converted inertia and incompetence into the victories of the Seven Years' War. It is a striking example of genius calling spirits from the vasty deep to do its bidding. It is the completest example of what a people can accomplish when properly led. As Pitt for the first time made Great Britain an Empire in fact, so Mr. Chamberlain for the first time made the Colonial Office the centre of an Empire conscious and proud of its existence. His mere coming galvanized the whole Colonial system, making good the claim that the British is the greatest Empire, as it is the freest, the world has ever seen.

With one exception, Colonial Secretaries had distinguished themselves by want of grip or of sympathy or of both, and the office, so far from being the pivot of an Empire represented in every sea and on every continent, was a grandmotherly recipient of official reports, exercising the grandmother's privilege of interference at the wrong moment. Its traditions were inclined to fatalism, and its chiefs were prepared to accept what came their way as the inevitable. Out-the-painter theories had long since been abandoned, but the idea of any move which might have a centrifugal effect, which might show that policies should spring from the head rather than the limbs, seldom entered its portals. When Colonial Secretaries had enthusiasm and ideas, as Lord Carnarvon had, they went the wrong way to work. Mr. Chamberlain's entrance, as any man who has kept in touch with Colonial

movements in London or overseas will tell you, was like sunshine and fresh air to a body grown stale for the want of both. Courtesy and kindness are better than nothing admittedly, but even in a Government office good intentions are not the best pavement. Mr. Chamberlain was for all the world like a new and enterprising partner in an old-established business which no longer progressed, though it might not from its very connections be going back. One can almost hear him saying to the self-governing Colonies: "Now, gentlemen, what can we do for you at headquarters, and what can you do for us to assist the general good of the firm?" and calling in the same breath for returns as to the needs of branches like the Crown Colonies, directly dependent as they are on headquarters. Every Colonial Premier felt that a man who meant business had taken control in London, and every administrator of a Crown Colony was soon made to understand that if he had a desirable but undeveloped estate of the Empire languishing for want of capital, the Treasury at home might be requisitioned on its behalf. All he had to do was to show the necessity. One of the last things Mr. Chamberlain's immediate predecessor, Lord Ripon, had done was to indite a despatch proving to the satisfaction of many who hoped for another result that there could be no Preference in Colonial markets for the Mother Country, because of certain Belgian and German treaties, the denunciation of which would, Lord Ripon contended, be costly to British commerce out of all proportion to possible gains. One of the first things Mr. Chamberlain did was to secure, through Lord Salisbury, the denunciation of those treaties. He cleared the way at once for the Preference which Canada and the other Dominions have granted. He studied the economic and

constitutional systems of other lands from the special standpoint of the Colonial Secretary; he found federation achieving great things in Germany, and tariffs accomplishing more wherever they were in vogue. Of American excesses in Protection he declared his abhorrence, but of tariffs for purposes of revenue and of commercial and political bonds he speedily saw the merits. His thoughts were guarded carefully in public utterance, but anyone who reads the speeches he delivered in 1896 in the light of the policy he proclaimed in 1903 will have no difficulty in detecting that the possibility of an Imperial tariff system began to possess his mind within a few months of his becoming Colonial Secretary. After his speech at the Canada Club in 1896, some of us were a little impatient that in the next three or four years he seemed to do so little to advance the cause of Imperial federation by establishing some form of commercial union. I expressed my disappointment in these pages,¹ but it is only fair to Mr. Chamberlain, looking back on all that happened between 1896 and 1903, to say that he warned us not to be precipitate. Dreams like Imperial Federation have, he said, "an unaccountable way of being realized in their own time." He did not succeed in giving that particular dream tangibility, but he did work which made his administration of the Colonial Office for ever memorable. The Empire literally discovered itself. He crushed Little Englandism into the dust, though, unhappily, its germs have reasserted themselves since, and he justified Mr. Balfour's eulogy that he was the greatest of Colonial Ministers. His administration of the Colonial Office, said Mr. Balfour, was by far the greatest in British history. That in one sense was not the com-

¹ "Imperial Federation: The Condition of Progress." *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1900.

pliment it appeared, because the Colonial Office hitherto had called forth so little distinction in statesmanship. In another sense it was a compliment of the highest order. Mr. Chamberlain had no noteworthy example to follow or to work up to. He had to set an example, and achieved results which his successors will not always find it easy to emulate, even assuming they have the ability and the desire. Diplomaticus,¹ qualifying Mr. Balfour's phrase, said it would be more accurate to describe Mr. Chamberlain as the first great Colonial Minister the British Empire has known. He was the first, and the second has yet to be appointed. It is a thousand times to be regretted that he was not permitted to use his influence to make us an Empire in fact as well as in name; to create that Federal Union which would "make the British Empire powerful and influential for good beyond the dreams of anyone now living."

Mr. Chamberlain's career from 1885 to 1905 was a succession of surprises. He was herald of a new Imperial order, as surely as down to 1885 he was an apostle of domestic revolution. His education proceeded apace along lines which he anticipated as little as his friends of the Birmingham mayoral days, and as he learned more and more to think Imperially, he sought to share with the people the truths borne in upon him. He never for a moment pretended that he was consistent; the more he was brought into contact with Imperial affairs, the more he saw the folly of many of the beliefs in which he was reared. Consistency in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is the narrow way pursued by a mind incapable of assimilating a new fact. Inconsistency is never difficult to discover in any man of many speeches. It may be generated of selfish and party

motives, or may simply show that, in changing circumstances, a man realizes he must change too, if he would work towards the light. The difference between Mr. Chamberlain and his old colleagues—it is the difference between such as he and the Radicals of to-day—was that, whilst they would have destroyed in order to clear the way for the new heaven and the new earth which they promised, he took the old and elected to build on and from it. Radicalism, reckless of Constitution, of Society, of Empire, looks to the triumph of what is called Democracy as the end best calculated to serve its own interests, if not the country's; Mr. Chamberlain has sought to make it clear that Democracy and Empire, Democracy and Constitution must be reconciled in the interests of both. Empire and Constitution are Democracy's opportunity to-day. Republican leanings with Mr. Chamberlain gradually gave place to a recognition of the advantages of what Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff once felicitously described as "a crowned democracy." If a crowned democracy, why not an Imperial democracy? Not a British self-governing possession is other than a democracy of the most advanced order; every one is loyalty itself to the Crown and the Mother Country. For the sake of the ties of blood, for the sake of business which the alien world is eager to snatch from our common possession, why should not Great Britain lead her overseas children? The more Mr. Chamberlain studied the records of the Colonial Office, the more he mastered the drift of the world's trade, the more convinced he became that Cobdenism, alike on the economic and the Imperial side, was false doctrine. There was hardly a lesson he learnt from Bright and Gladstone which he had not to unlearn; Free Trade had become bad for the workers who looked

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1902.

to manufactures and exports for a livelihood, and "magnanimity" to enemies on the border-lands of Empire, as at Majuba, was a tragic mistake, if unaccompanied by evidence that it was strength, not weakness. Nothing in our history strikes me as more dramatic than that Mr. Chamberlain should have been the statesman to assert British supremacy in South Africa against the pretensions fostered by the "magnanimity" to which he was a party in 1881, and that, as the outcome of the war, the Union, which Grey and Carnarvon were unable, mainly through racial difficulties, to promote, was to become a fact. Whatever may be said to-day, posterity will declare the South African Union to be Mr. Chamberlain's monument. A larger union, if democracy has taken to heart the message he delivered from a hundred platforms, will ultimately provide a still more imposing memorial.

Mr. Chamberlain has been likened on occasions to various familiar figures in our Imperial history: Chatham and his son, Palmerston and Disraeli. That his Imperial work and his single-purposed courage in prosecuting it will be accepted as the twentieth-century embodiment of the elder Pitt's achievements can hardly be questioned; if it has not gone further, the up-to-date Butes must be held accountable: He had in him everything that the Palmerstonian *Ovis Britannicus* sum implied, though his occasional straight talk to foreign Powers from the popular platform might have shocked even that independent and spirited Foreign Secretary. "The new diplomacy" was his concession to democracy. Here, again, old-time methods would, in his opinion, no longer serve. Some of "the mysteries and reticences of the diplomacy of fifty years ago" must be surrendered if a self-governing people were to un-

derstand and judge aright the problems on which they were expected to vote. Like Disraeli, he shared enthusiasm for the Empire with solicitude for the welfare of the people. It was not his fault if the social reforms he outlined in articles in *The Fortnightly Review* in the 'seventies, in "The Radical Programme" for which he stood sponsor in the 'eighties, and in other directions were not all placed on the Statute Book. Lord Salisbury repaid his co-operation in larger fields by giving the country free education, and Mr. Chamberlain was himself responsible for the Workmen's Compensation Act. Social reform was bound to be a costly business, and one object of his Tariff Reform policy was to provide funds from which such mercies as old-age pensions could be financed. To re-read the speeches in which he set forth his scheme, to grasp the central fact that Tariff Reform, as he expounded it, might have given enormous benefits to the people and the Empire, without cost to either, and to remember how unscrupulous misrepresentation and prejudice were allowed to obscure the issue is almost enough to make one despair of democracy. Mr. Chamberlain himself did not despair; his optimism sprang from refusal to believe in the folly of the British people. The last seven or eight years have not afforded unqualified warrant for his scepticism. Unfortunately, they have afforded only too complete proof of the mischief an oligarchy in the name of democracy can accomplish. The indisposition of temper and body which removed Chatham at a critical time was not more unfortunate than the illness which placed Mr. Chamberlain *hors de combat* in 1906. Great Britain's lethargic acceptance of much that has happened in the interval were inconceivable, if the man who overthrew Mr. Gladstone, destroyed Krugerism, and

made the Empire pulsate with a consciousness it had never known, had been spared to continue the good fight.

The Fortnightly Review.

Edward Salmon.

HAPPY ENDINGS.

Once upon a time there was a man who wrote a novel.

It was written in English, and published here in England; but it was not a good novel. The reason that it was not a good novel was, first, that there was no story in it, and secondly that it was dull. But I am not going to write about that. That is only an introduction. My point is this: the novel ended not happily, but very sadly. The man whose adventures had been described in the novel ends by being run over by a wagon. He is a soldier, and, after a battle in which he has taken no part, he is, I repeat, run over by a wagon. That is what happens to *him*. He dies next day in a dirty, disused old convent which has been turned into a military hospital. They give him opiates to try and soothe him, but he wakes up out of the opiate and dies in great pain.

Now that is not at all a happy ending for a novel, and a certain firm of publishers living, not in England, but in the distant island of Rumtifoo, wrote to the author and said in their letter something of this kind:

"Sir,

We have read your novel, and, though we think it bad, and not likely to sell much among the Rumtifoos, yet as we are generous and good men, who love to help authors, and who do not want to make profit for ourselves, we will pay you one thousand ducats, money down, if you will give it us for publication in Rumtifoo. But this is only upon condition that you will make it *end happily*."

These may not have been the exact words of the letter, but that was the sense of it: those were the sentiments

it was intended to convey, and the last part about the money and the happy ending was exactly as I have described it.

When this author man, or hack, got this letter he jumped for joy! He had never hoped to be able to sell a book in Rumtifoo, and the tears came into his eyes when he thought of how kind these publishers were in coming to help him, let alone in promising him so fine a fat sum as a thousand ducats—which is (as I need hardly inform the learned reader) very nearly equivalent to 1,400 sequins, or rather less than as many double besants.

Well, then, the author man sat down quickly and wrote to the Rumtifoosleite people, saying:

"Rather! And at once! Thank you a thousand, thousand times! I post it herewith!"

He went feverishly off to put a happy ending on. He represented his hero as having woken up from his opiate, not in pain, let alone dying, but completely cured, and then walking out of the hospital, having the very best of good luck, and with that he ended the book, confident that the Rumtifoosleites would be immensely pleased.

Stay! I will give you the exact words he wrote, for he has sent them to me:

"Leaping from his bed, he" (that is, the hero) "protested that he had never felt better in his life, and shook the army doctor warmly by the hand, declaring that the medicine had completely cured him. Shortly afterwards he married a young lady of the neighborhood, who united to a regal form and features of dazzling beauty the

most winning of natures and the sweetest temper in the world. As she was happily endowed with an enormous fortune through the recent demise of her father and mother, she was well able to keep up the romantic castle and the extensive grounds wherein she received her bridegroom, and, as they were further both of them of a generous temper, they gave (and give) largely to all worthy objects, and particularly to novel-readers suffering from temporary embarrassment.

"I say 'give.' You may well wonder at my use of the present tense, for the scene of my book is laid one hundred years ago; but I will not conceal it from you that this unusually fortunate couple have further been endowed with the gift of immortal youth, and, what is more, they will gladly receive and entertain anyone who brings with him, as his passport to their hospitable roof, the present work."

The author man, I say, was plumb-sure that he had got a happy ending this time, and waited in confidence the arrival of the bag of gold.

What, then, was his surprise to receive from his patrons a dignified refusal of this happy ending—and that was the end of his dream. "And yet," thought he to himself, "it *was* a happy ending—and a very happy ending! What more could they want?"

Where this author man seems to me to have made a mistake was in thinking that people who want to have happy endings want to hear about happiness. It is not so. The human soul, wherever it is, even when it is imprisoned in the body of a clean-cut, healthy, suburban novel-reader, has no objection to tragedy. On the contrary, it needs tragedy. What it has got an objection to is anti-climax. It likes emphasis and swing, especially in those fictitious emotions which make up for the muddle of life. That is what is meant by good or bad "construction" in a play or a book. It is good construction to have things fol-

lowing smartly and in strong black and white with the half-tones in their proper place. It is bad construction to have it all in a muddle.

Now the doctrine of the happy ending so commonly decried is at bottom this: Your hero has adventures. He suffers, he is in peril, the reader is made anxious about him, and then it all ends up pleasantly. You have here a swing: a definite rhythm. Innocence is oppressed, for instance: a lucky coincidence arises: justice is done: curtain. That is your typical happy-ending melodrama. And if you look closely at the satisfaction a healthy mind gets out of this you will find that it consists in the clear movement from terminus to terminus coupled with the contrast.

It is the contrast that gives zest to the story; it is the following of right upon wrong, joy upon sorrow, which gives it rhythm and swing.

You get just the same thing in the converse. The very same man that wants a happy ending to his novel of adventure or of peril or of misfortune is quite prepared for a tragedy. You have only to see how eagerly he reads tragic news in the newspaper to be certain that it is not horror or pain in itself which offends him: I mean, not the recital of horror or of pain. But, if you are going to give him a tragedy, then he demands again the contrast between happiness and sorrow. All powerful tragedies either begin with happiness or in some part of their action make you hope for happiness, or at least in episodes and by allusion cause you, as you read of unhappiness, to consider happiness. Thus do their writers not only enhance the effect of what they have to tell, but also make it possible to tell it at all. You could not have a story of mere unhappiness which should be a tellable story, any more than you could have a picture which should be all one shade.

I confess, therefore, that I am an advocate for the happy ending to the story of adventure or of peril; but, like every good thing, this good thing suffers when it becomes either a dead formula or an obsession. That publishers should insist on happy endings blindly in a sort of rule-of-thumb way is idiotic—I mean idiotic from their own point of view. The story that wants a happy ending is the story that has had an unhappy middle. And the demand for a happy ending is equally bad when it means an obsession in the reader—when it means that the reader cannot bear anything else.

It has been very wisely said that, if you wish to know whether a book has done you good or harm, you should examine the mood in which you find yourself when you lay it down. If you find yourself very angry against some great wrong, the book is good. If you find yourself full of laughter, the book is still good. If you find yourself full of a completed interest the book is very good. If you find yourself the wiser, though the more melancholy, for reading it, the book may be good. But if your mood simply depends upon a happy ending—that is, if you cannot stand tragedy—then there is something the matter with you, and the great evil you do by this disease of yours is that you create a demand for tosh and at the same time you lessen the demand for creative work. A bit of creative work which ought to be a tragedy and winds up artificially merry is a spoilt thing, and one not only spoilt, but ruinous to those who read it, for it warps judgment. It offers to men that cup of illusion from which we can all drink if we choose, but which is filled with a drug as poisonous to the will as opium. I might say more. I might say that such an attitude was not only privately corrupt, but publicly disastrous. It is unpatriotic. To get men

to believe the best always, and to expect miracles in their own favor; to get them to take for granted that things will come right somehow and that they are in some way specially favored, is to ruin the State.

There is another way of considering this false insistence upon a happy ending. It compels a story to stop short. It kills the sense of epic. It used to be said that the Victorian novel always ended in the two lovers getting married, and Ruskin complained that there were no books beginning with the marriage or at least going on with it. He lived in a simpler age! To-day men often make their stories turn upon a marriage, and often upon the failure of a marriage. That is not tragedy; that is realism, which, of all forms of bad literature, is the worst. For realism depends essentially upon a lack of proportion. If a man writes, "Seized with ungovernable rage, he struck the villain heavily upon the nose," that is fairly good reading, that is really a reflection of man. For man is what man thinks, and nothing is (said the divine William) but thinking makes it so (or words to that effect). But if the man writes: "Henry felt uncertain of himself. He did not know whether it was usual to take off one's coat on these occasions. It was many years since he had struck anyone in anger. Nevertheless, by a process which science has not yet analyzed, his will caused the four fingers of his left hand to fold themselves upon the palm of the same; he curled his thumb outward upon them, and, with the knucky mass thus formed, he struck Paley a glancing blow which shelved off the nose, and was arrested by the right eyebrow—" that is bad literature.

Realism falls between two stools. It is neither the description of what a human being would have seen, looking

on at the actor, nor of what the actor would have felt. It is an attempt to get apart from the two, and to see the thing like a camera. It is trying to be a machine, and that is what man never can be. So realism, when it thinks it is escaping the happy ending and being very superior by so doing, is quite wrong. It escapes the happy ending all right; but, instead of being above healthy, popular literature, it is a great deal below it; it is hardly literature at all. The right way to escape a happy ending, when you really ought to escape it, is to insist upon your rights as a creator. You must say firmly to your audience: "My dear audience, I have shown you John and Mary, with their nice little children, all happy. Their house has caught fire, John has forged a cheque, Mary has gone mad, and the little children, with their nurse, have been caught upon the beach by the rising tide. They are dead. This is a tragedy. I am out to do what tragedy should do, which is to seize you by the shoulders and twist you round and compel you to accept reality. I resolutely refuse to unforge the cheque, to make Mary sane again, or to resurrect the little children. I will not even compromise upon the nurse."

Adopt this attitude, if you are a writer, and your powerful tale may not sell, but you will have saved your honor.

Perhaps the very worst form of happy ending—even worse than the happy ending which is dragged in by the hair, and which reverses and denaturalizes the whole of a story—is the happy ending which is inevitable. If you are certain that the author is going to make everything all right in the end there is no fun in following the perils and the misfortunes of the middle. I think that those perils and fortunes, if they are sufficiently accentuated, should have their contrast

at their end; but it is in the very essence of good fiction that you should be kept upon tenterhooks until near the end.

There is perhaps, however, a still more abominable form of happy ending even than the foreseen one, and that is the happy ending which the man who wrote it thinks to be satisfactory to his reader, but which is contrariwise poignantly annoying to him. I know of nothing that is more of a curse in the way of reading than the book which grins at you at the end with a self-satisfied expression of comfort, which it expects you to feel. Even if it was a description of something that really did suit you, and that would make you happy if you came across it in real life, it would be a bad thing; but when it is something that makes the author happy, or which he foolishly thinks will make his audience happy, and which, as a fact, does nothing of the kind, then the book is best used as a missile.

I remember a story of Great Deeds written in this fashion by some wicked man who had never handled a boat in his life, and who was describing what he thought to be comfort due at the end of a bad time in the open at night. I had read the description with an interest of which I am ashamed when I recall it. I had read it with this interest because anything lively about sailing a boat leads one on. Then at the end of it the man described how, after hardly getting in through a racing tide, and with his well half-full of water, he picks up his moorings, dark as it is; he goes ashore, and then—then this monster talks about a most infamous modern hotel as though it were an inn. He minutely describes it! You almost feel yourself in the beastly prison, with its hard-hearted porter, and its little boy who goes round shouting numbers, and its

abominable hothouse atmosphere in the place of honest fires.

I do not say the description was not good, because it was. It was too good. My quarrel is with the idea that, coming to such a place off the high seas at night, was coming out of evil into good. I would rather have tried to lie to against the weather, and have risked my body in the noises of it, than have wounded my soul in the kind of warmth and the kind of spaciousness which that man too well described. I am afraid the truth is

The Pall Mall Magazine.

that he was never outside at all. But he certainly knew all about modern hotels.

But, after all, fiction, though it should not exactly represent life, must be a condensation of life, and must follow the lines of life . . . and has life itself a happy ending or not? That is what no two persons in the modern world seem to be agreed on, and that is why everybody to-day is at sixes and sevens about the rights and wrongs of Happy Endings in literature.

Hilaire Belloc.

CHANCE AND FAITH.

Mr. Balfour in his Gifford Lectures has flattered plain men by making them feel that perhaps they have too long ordered themselves lowly and reverently before the highly exclusive cults of the philosophers, logicians, and mathematicians. At all events, when they find so brilliant an intellect as Mr. Balfour's defiantly breaking away from the set paths which pierce the jungle and cheerfully thrusting its way in directions which are said to lead nowhere, they are prepared on the spot to bear him company and see what happens. Mr. Balfour classified beliefs as "inevitable" and "probable," and criticized the mathematical theory of probability. Traditional logical theory, he said, had confined itself to the special kind of probability called mathematical, and though the mathematical statement of chances had yielded results of the first importance, both for science and for practical life, it did not cover the whole ground. It had not distinguished clearly between the different kinds of probabilities, and in particular it had failed to give any account of those numerous beliefs which he described as "probable." What are "probable" beliefs? To Mr. Balfour's mind, they are beliefs which

are neither inevitable nor axiomatic, and yet are, nevertheless, an actual part of our basis of knowledge. In other words, they are such beliefs, often incalculable and vague, as cannot be taken into account by the hard formulae of mathematicians, and yet had a very real existence for such a man as Joseph Butler, who laid it down in his immortal *Analogy* that probability is the guide of life.

We feel that Mr. Balfour is right to open up this field. And yet it is obvious that the mathematicians, when, as he says, they are more concerned with their conclusions than careful in stating their premisses, are only abiding by the terms of their craft. The mathematician is not concerned with the worth of premisses; his business is to tell you what the result will be under the given conditions. He may or may not approve of the conditions. The fact is that he does not trouble himself about them. Suppose that a mathematician were asked to calculate what length of paper would be produced by a complicated paper-making plant in a certain time. If all the data were given to him he would be able to tell you with accuracy, but he would not consider it part of his duty to say that

the materials put into the machines were of poor quality and that the product would not be the best attainable. It is inevitable, we think, much as we like Mr. Balfour's insouciant challenge, that the philosophic premises from which mathematicians have produced their theory of probability should be much less accurate than the conclusion itself. A glance at the nature of the mathematical theory will show the comparatively limited extent of its field. The theory deals with well-known phenomena which are employed as measures of credibility. The results yielded by tossing a coin or drawing a card from a pack are the familiar instruments of the mathematicians, and Mr. Balfour, of course, turned to these. "It is possible," he said humorously, "to argue *a priori* that the chances are one in two that the tossing of a penny will result in heads, and it is equally possible to say on purely *a priori* grounds that the chances are much against a visitor's leaving Monte Carlo with as much money as he had on entering." We can fancy Mr. Balfour letting his mind run on along this line of thought and setting before us questions which plain men have often asked themselves without suspecting that they were revolting in the spirit of the inventor of "probable" beliefs. For example, suppose the visitor to Monte Carlo of Mr. Balfour's imagination is playing at the tables, and has noticed that red has turned up fifteen times in succession. We do not know what the longest recorded run on one color is, but fifteen is probably very near the "record." The plain man who is guided, not by the mathematical theory, but by something in the nature of a "probable" belief, tells himself that it is highly improbable that the run will be continued, and puts his money with some confidence on black. The mathematicians tell us

that the chance of red turning up again is still an even chance. The plain man, however, persists in feeling that the strong probability that the extraordinary run on one color will not be continued further has somehow impinged upon the even chance as between the red and the black and affected its quality. At all events, this feeling is strong enough to be an absolute and dominant motive. We should all of us probably act in the same way if we wanted to choose a color.

Human beings can seldom act upon a certainty. We believe that some statement, which irrevocably determines our action, is true because it is more likely to be true than not true. But we have no proof. Probability is our guide; and it may be that what constitutes probability is nothing more than such an immeasurable quantity as the fact that a man who made the statement to us was reputed to be trustworthy by other men who, as we happened to know, were trustworthy. An event must either happen or not happen, and the chances that it will happen added to the chances that it will not happen must necessarily make unity. We always have this familiar principle in mind, without perhaps remembering it, but we often "believe" without in the least knowing by what ratio the chances of our expectation being fulfilled exceed the chances of its not being fulfilled. Frequently we are guided by pure instinct. Our expectation may be distorted, magnified, or atrophied if we are looking forward to something that we earnestly desire to see fulfilled. A temperamental error is introduced. Some men dare not believe what they ardently desire; others persuade themselves that what they reckon upon is bound to come true. A man, again, will often accept a small chance of winning a large prize rather than put

up with a strong chance of winning a small prize. All such motives of action are not covered by probability mathematically expressed, though, as we said, we are not disposed to blame the mathematicians for not working in materials which belong to other departments of science. "I am confirmed in my view," said Mr. Balfour, "that there are probable beliefs to which we are inclined but not driven. They vary in degree of coercive power, but are capable of being detected throughout the whole of scientific knowledge." The conclusion of Mr. Balfour's remarks on probable beliefs was summarized in the *Times* as follows:—"These beliefs had not received sufficient treatment from philosophers, either of the critical school or of the empirical. Kant and Mill alike had thought more of the grounds of belief than of the actual content of belief, and Mr. Balfour pleaded for as impartial an investigation into what men of science had actually believed as had been given to outworn philosophical creeds."

Butler in his *Analogy*, after all, provided a warrant for Mr. Balfour by what was a magnificent "probable" belief. As mankind reveals a supreme conscience, he argued, so nature reveals moral government acting through conscience. Men live under a system which, by discouraging vice and rewarding virtue perceptibly yet only partially, implies the probability that there is a future state beyond this world where justice will be completely satisfied. Let us give ourselves the pleasure of quoting from that splendid piece of English, Butler's introduction, some observations on the sufficiency of slight probabilities:—

"Probable evidence is essentially distinguished from demonstrative by this, that it admits of degrees; and of all variety of them, from the highest moral certainty, to the very lowest pre-

The Spectator.

sumption. We cannot indeed say a thing is probably true upon one very slight presumption for it; because, as there may be probabilities on both sides of a question, there may be some against it; and though there be not, yet a slight presumption does not beget that degree of conviction which is implied in saying a thing is probably true. But that the slightest possible presumption is of the nature of a probability, appears from hence; that such low presumption often repeated, will amount even to moral certainty. Thus a man's having observed the ebb and flow of the tide to-day, affords some sort of presumption, though the lowest imaginable, that it may happen again to-morrow; but the observation of this event for so many days, and months, and ages together, as it has been observed by mankind, gives us a full assurance that it will . . . Probable evidence in its very nature, affords but an imperfect kind of information; and is to be considered as relative only to beings of limited capacities. For nothing which is the possible object of knowledge, whether past, present, or future, can be probable to an infinite Intelligence; since it cannot but be discerned absolutely as it is in itself—certainly true, or certainly false. But to us, probability is the very guide of life. From these things it follows, that in questions of difficulty, or such as are thought so, where more satisfactory evidence can not be had, or is not seen; if the result of examination be, that there appears upon the whole, any the lowest presumption on one side, and none on the other, or greater presumption on one side, though in the lowest degree greater; this determines the question, even in matters of speculation; and in matters of practice, will lay us under an absolute and formal obligation, in point of prudence and of interest, to act upon that presumption or low probability, though it be so low as to leave the mind in very great doubt which is the truth."

THE TOP HAT MIND.

Most people are conscious of the thing. The name may serve in default of a better. Some regard the top hat itself as doomed to death, and the news has just gone forth that 1914 is to be a disastrous year for it. Others think it no more fated to die than the Milk-White Hind. Such ugliness could never have survived, they argue, if it did not satisfy some immortal human craving. Be that as it may, it is certain that the Top Hat Mind is a reality. As in the case of other realities, it would be difficult to define it in a sentence. Perhaps it is, above everything, a protest against the complexity of things. It thirsts for a simple working theory of life. The Top Hat Mind has a reverence for righteousness, for things lovely and of good report. It is essentially conscientious. Unluckily, however, few things are harder than to distinguish the wheat from the tares. Hard enough when wheat is wheat and tares are tares; almost impossible for a myopic vision when the moral botanist is bound to recognize that most of the crop is composed of individuals with mixed wheat and tare characteristics in varying proportions.

The Top Hat Mind meets the difficulty in its own way. You cannot, it admits, infallibly tell at first sight whether a man is a decent fellow or a cad, a responsible person or a wastrel. But it is perfectly simple to observe whether he roofs himself with hard silk or soft felt. Spread, therefore, a cunning legend that people of respectability, responsibility, "level-headedness"—the things, in short, you chiefly prize—should on all possible occasions wear silk. Disseminate, also, the view that the wearing of bowlers or modified sombreros is a practice consistent with, and possibly conse-

quent to and productive of, levity, doubtful morality, irresponsibility, and a general disposition to ignore laws divine and human. Then the sheep will separate themselves automatically from the goats. By their heads shall ye know them. It may, of course, chance that some injustice may be done. It is just possible that a horrid yearning for green plush may co-exist with generally blameless character. Or the wicked may contrive to deceive the elect by the glossy assumption of a virtue they have not. But, on the whole, you are right, and you have saved yourself much trouble.

That, it may be supposed, was the philosophic basis of the touching faith once universal in the top hat as the "gentlemanly" and the "right" thing for the London wear of every responsible person, from a Cabinet Minister to a War Office clerk. Those were the two great virtues of the top hat—it was gentlemanly and it was responsible. It was at once a social and a business guarantee. It had one value in Pall Mall and another in Throgmorton Street. Westward it was *prima facie* evidence of some social standing. It impressed shopkeepers, made servants civil, subdued the native savagery of the cabman—at least, until he received his fare. There was a time when a stranger calling at a smart hotel or a private house in a bowler would be watched with unfriendly interest; in a good hat he was secure from suspicion of designs on umbrellas or overcoats. In the City the top hat implied integrity, stability, mysterious command of specie. It said soothingly to the client: "My owner has an immense knowledge of the market in Mexicans; he will not abscond with your balance; he is as safe as the Bank. Trust him. There

is not a shinier hat, as you may judge for yourself, east of Temple Bar." Of course, in practice it was often found that the well-dressed stranger in the West End was a well-dressed fraud. The glossiest hats in the City often formed part of the stock-in-trade of a bucket shop. But the Top Hat Mind, in its various grades, never wavered in its faith. It took out its insurance policies, banked its money, conducted its speculations, married its daughters in a spirit of trust in the morally antiseptic influence of the top hat. It went on a railway journey with the more confidence because it saw the stationmaster at Paddington wearing a top hat with the gravity of a man with the weight of many engines on his mind. No statesman would have dared to flout public opinion by a flip-pant exhibition of straw or felt. Mr. Gladstone's trousers might be baggy and not too new. That was of little consequence. But the spell would have been broken at once had he walked down to the House of Commons in a bowler and a short jacket. It cannot even be imagined. And think of it, weep over it—the Prime Minister this week, last week, and the week before, has been snapshotted in a soft felt!

Why and how the top hat gained its commanding position as a sort of social and moral guarantor is not a little obscure. Its origin was not especially respectable; its immediate ancestor was a Child of the Revolution. Nor does the vision of Count D'Orsay, swaggering in the top hat of a later date, exactly suggest either monetary or moral responsibility. The silk hat, too, was not even a John Bull invention; it came to us from Florence by way of Paris. Perhaps Victorian Britain, with its love of decency and compromise, instinctively saw safety in a headgear whose very nature compels circumspection. The most reck-

less must be a little less reckless in a top hat; and rampant villainy can hardly escape wholly its subduing effect. That, possibly, was a chief recommendation to a generation that disliked too much human nature in man.

Pathetic must be the indecision of the Top Hat Mind to-day. It may—and does—retain its full faith in the essential lowness of the bowler, the jaunty malignity of the Tyrolese. But it can no longer cling to the grand simplicity of its classification of mankind. It was undisturbed by the decadent youths of the nineties, with their tendency to velvet and their crushed-strawberry ties. It would be equally disdainful of the "literary" rebels and anarchists of to-day, who delight in brown shoes and yellow suits, which become vivid chestnut and glaring saffron whenever the nation goes into mourning. It has been so far impossible to discover why yellow should be specially favored by all who aspire to wicked wit and profess subversive doctrine, but the fact remains that all the school of Mr. Bernard Shaw are outwardly of the color of D'Artagnan's Gascon pony, which, it will be remembered, was "*jaune de robe—une couleur fort connue en botanique mais jusqu'à présent fort rare chez les chevaux.*" These deliberate posers would not unsettle the Top Hat Mind. But unluckily it has to face more serious disturbance of its convictions. "Gentlemanly" people of the unimpeachable sort persist in wearing ungentlemanly hats. Men of undeniable millions go about openly and unabashed without the proper insignia of solid respectability. Judges sometimes arrive at the Law Courts in deplorably irresponsible hats. As for statesmen—well, that is best left alone. Small wonder that the Top Hat Mind sees, in this tendency to prefer comfort to pomp, a sign of national decadence, and quotes Gibbon to the

effect that it was an evil day for Rome when its soldiers, complaining of the weight, obtained permission to lay aside their helmets. Is the "pusill-

The Saturday Review.

lanimous indolence" which jibs at the burden of the top hat an indication of the relaxation of British fibre?

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Yale University Press publishes a volume entitled "From the Letter-Files of S. W. Johnson" which gives intimate views of the life, purposes and aspirations of Samuel W. Johnson, for a long time Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in Yale University and Director of the Connecticut Agricultural Station. Professor Johnson is described as "Father of Experiment Stations in America" and it was undoubtedly to his enthusiasm and well-directed energy that American agriculture owes that important accessory. These letters are edited by Professor Johnson's daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Osborne, who links them together with a slender thread of narrative. They throw light not only upon the Professor's scientific and professional activities but upon the qualities which endeared him to his friends and his family.

The question formulated, mooted and settled in the novel of to-day, in spite of its many aspects, is the same put by the Scottish maiden to the birdie, "When shall I marry me?" and seldom is the answer "When six braw gentlemen kirkward shall carry ye." The little group of classmates whose destiny Elia W. Peattie settles in "The Precipice" have more cheerful prospects at the outset of their career and, although one of them does indeed "join the living dead" by entering a convent, she makes the journey thither in the full panoply of a fashionable traveller, down to magazines and candy. The heroine watches them calmly, giving aid wherever it is

needed, executing her own appointed task courageously, and making many experiments and choosing wisely between her two suitors. The argument for woman suffrage is well presented, and the alternatives of various careers domestic and professional are very fairly arrayed. Nobody compounds against her will, and almost everybody is of the same opinion still when the story closes. The sinners are self-convicted and equitably punished. Many types of the college graduate are skilfully presented, and unpitying justice is shown to the ambitious girl who comes dangerously near suicide in her effort to win the prize given to arduous study. Miss Peattie lightens her work with gleams of humor more than once suggesting the kindly Englishman whose name she wears. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The realistic novel-writer has been compelled to abandon a section of the world of fiction to the novelist who writes of nothing but things that never were, are not, and never shall be, and one of them, Mrs. Inez Haynes Gillmore has written "Angel Island" a story, which, beginning with impossibilities, traverses a fantastic jungle of incidents to the natural ending of all earthly things, real or fancied. Five men are found in the first chapter shipwrecked upon an island apparently uninhabited. There is nothing strange in that, except the use of the number five, and the subsequent appearance of five-winged creatures, evidently feminine since they in time bear children to the five men, and are

as inconsistent in everything as any woman whom male novelist could fashion. The behavior of the ten is logical enough, and the end is logical also, but the tender-hearted reader is left somewhat rebellious against Mrs. Gillmore's allotment of fate. There are some scores of models for the final chapter of such a tale, and as will be seen by applying the rule of permutation there might be more than three million relative positions in which the men and the "angels" might be left. The objection to all these endings and to the story itself is that all of them presuppose the angels to be feminine, and this is a contradiction in terms in spite of various remarks made by the lovers in Shakespeare's plays. St. Cecilia's angel was masculine, according to all artists of authority and to make him feminine is as unwarranted, as would be the bestowal of wings upon Milton's Eve, or Shakespeare's Cleopatra. An angel is a very active, busy person travelling o'er land and ocean without rest, and serving even when he stands and waits, but he never loses his masculine traits. Further he never like an Angel Island angel spitefully destroys the personal property of others. Henry Holt & Co

When good Sir Walter wished to write a novel, he remembered a few legends and traditions and histories, and just wrote it, with notes and prefaces, accredited to various persons more or less non-existent, and Murray or Constable or somebody gave him good English guineas for it. Also, Edinburgh and Maga, and the entire Ambrosian Company, and young Professor Aytoun did homage to the Shirra and the Wizard of the North with his fairies and hags, and White Spirits and Queens and Kings and Knights Templar, and beggars and fish-wives and lunatics, and funerals at unholy hours.

When Mr. William De Morgan began to think about writing "When Ghost Meets Ghost," he seems to have cast a serious glance at Eden its two inhabitants and their unpleasant and insidious unsought visitant, and then to have extended his views to include contemporary Greater Britain in nearly all its aspects and seasons, its politics, murderers, decent citizens and motor cars. As for its dear little children, male and female, with their exquisite baby talk, and their astounding capacity for bringing their elders to confusion, he lays bare their manoeuvres, without making them detestable, and therein rises to a height of success unattainable by anything short of genius. Lastly, he writes their dialect, and also cockney, and its bewildering corruptions with that apparent ease produced by infinite pains and unceasing self-criticism, and not a wasted word can be found in his 862 pages. Indeed, he carefully refrains from using some words employed by many of his most active personages, who have surveyed the world from an English jail to far Tasmania, substituting elegant synonyms for their blunt, theological nouns, and their sanguinary adjectives, and yet he seems to have no eyes but for his villain and his magnificent humble, devoted hero. Mr. Kipling has told the story of a villainous wife-murderer in a few pages, and left his readers shuddering, and his work was good, but Mr. De Morgan has surpassed him, in everything but brevity. One lays this book down rejoicing over the last deed of the gallant old man who flings himself into the breach to save the woman given to him by divine and human law and is allowed to make the only possible atonement. "When Ghost Meets Ghost" is not only a superb novel. It is as truly a poem as "Hamlet" or as Desdemona's dying phrase. Henry Holt & Co.